

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

# MODERN

COMICS

10¢

OCTOBER  
No. 54

**Blackhawk**

ties up the Man Who  
Pulled The Strings!



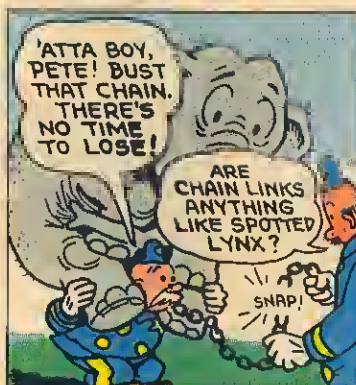
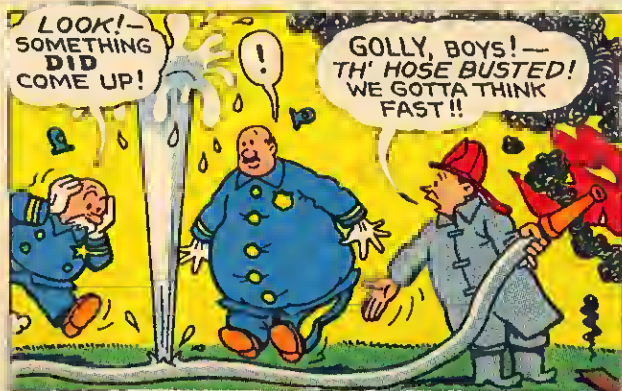




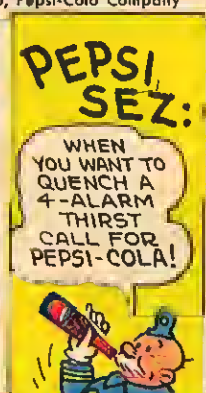
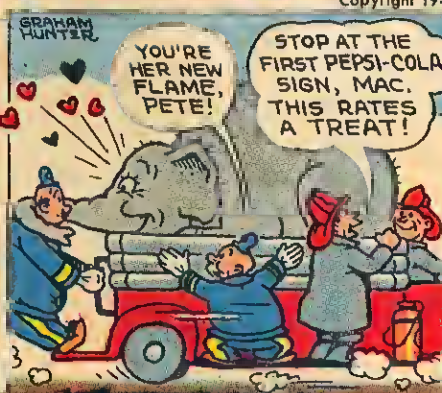
WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# "PEPSI!" The PEPSI-COLA COP



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MODERN COMICS

# BLACKHAWK



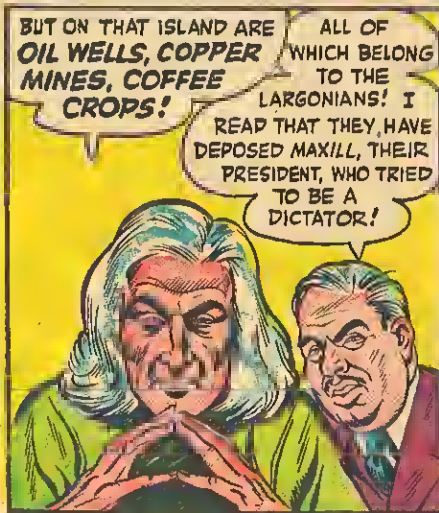
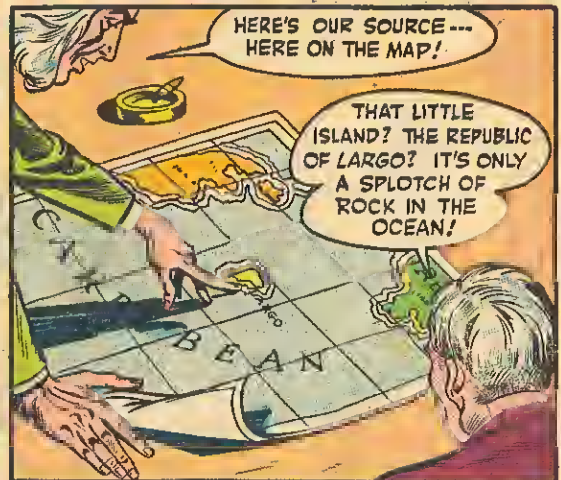
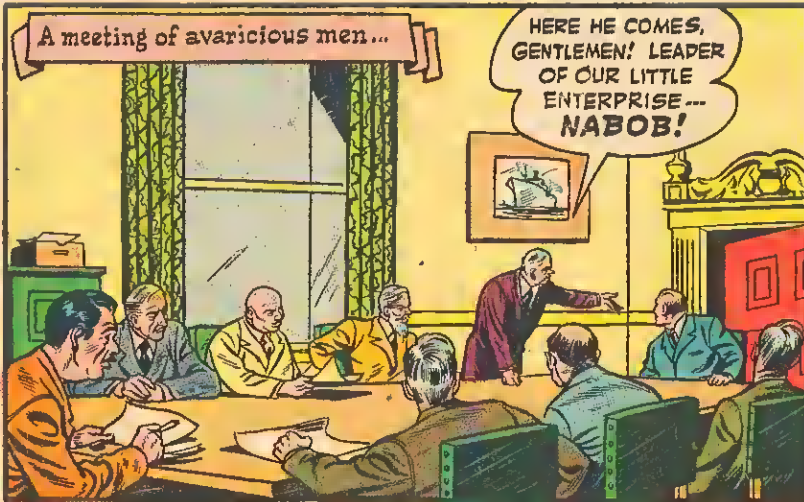
Puppets ... yes!

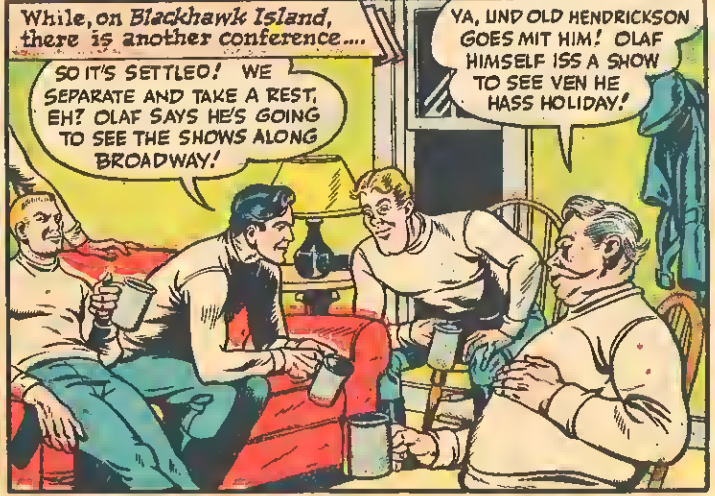
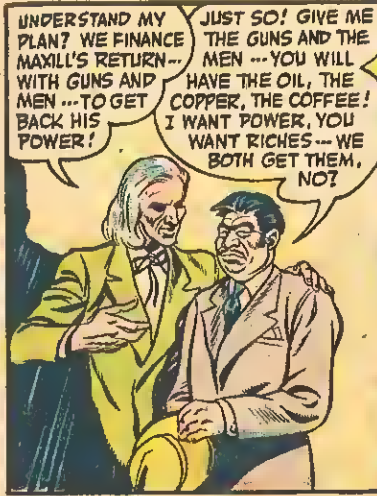
**But Puppets Can  
Be DANGEROUS!**

So the Blackhawks learned when  
they visited the island nation of  
**LARGO** ... and fought through  
ranks of puppets to reach the

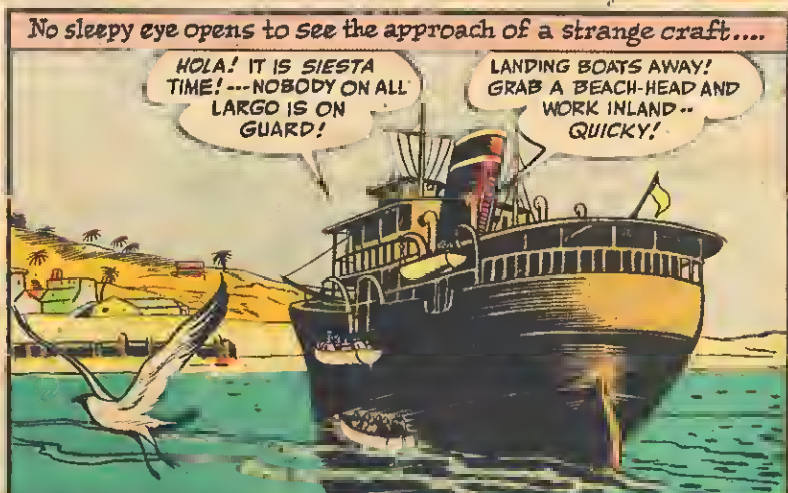
**MAN WHO PULLED  
THE STRINGS!**

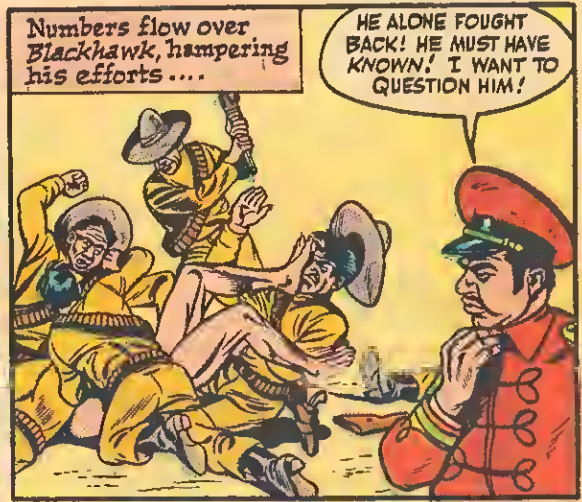
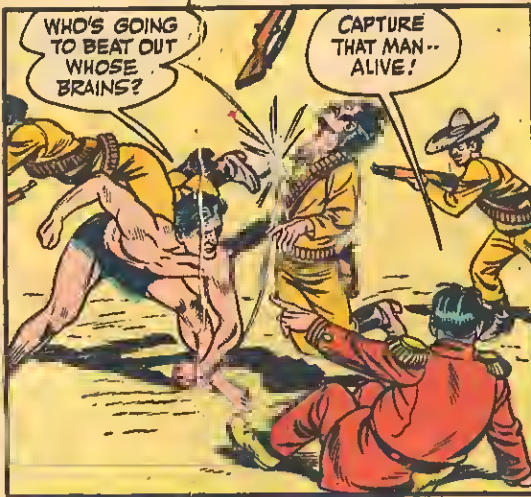
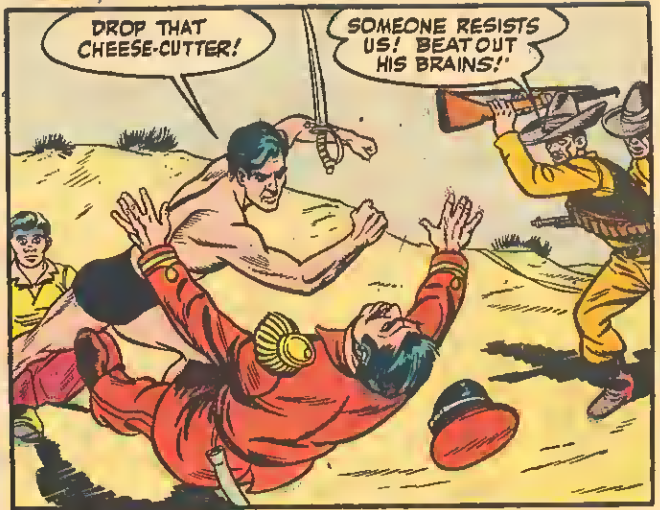






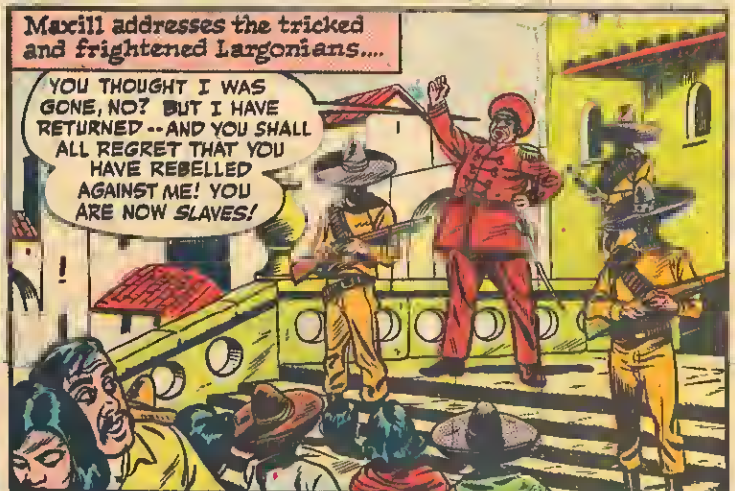
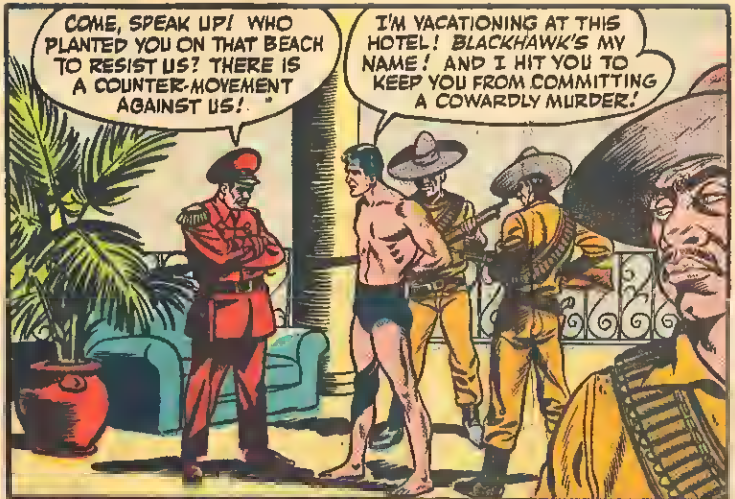
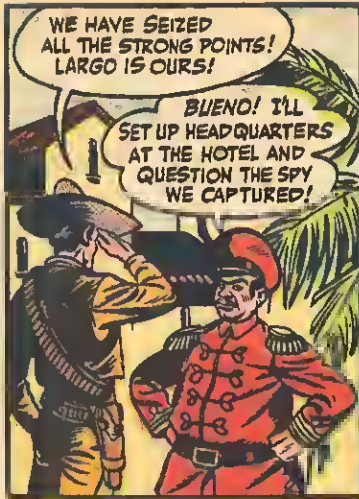






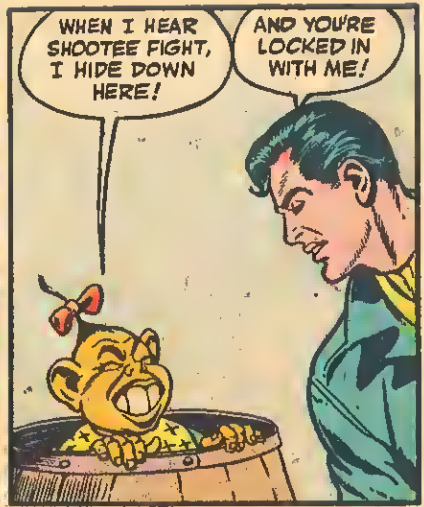
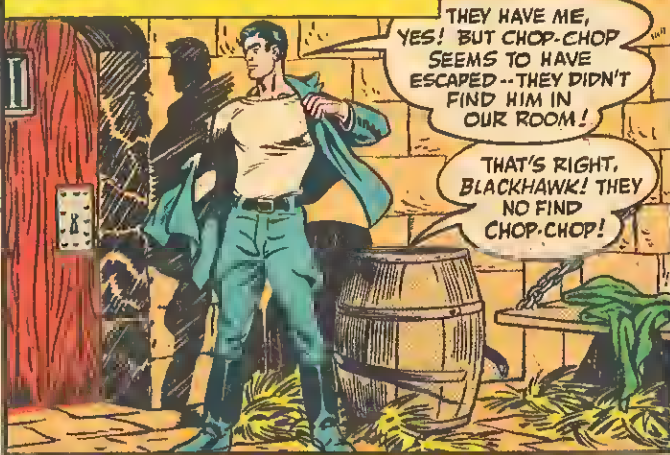
THIS POLICEMAN MIGHT HAVE TRIED TO FIGHT! I'LL GIVE HIM NO CHANCE!



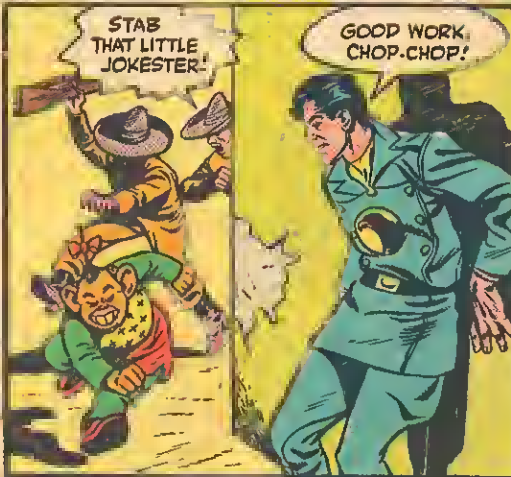
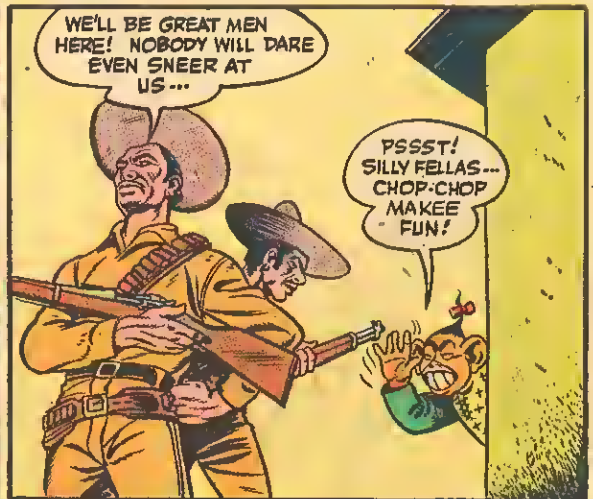
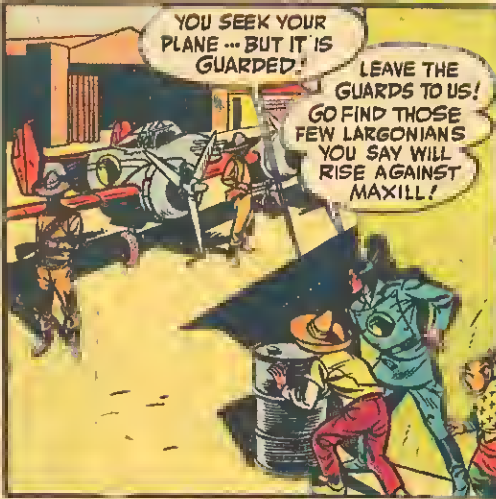




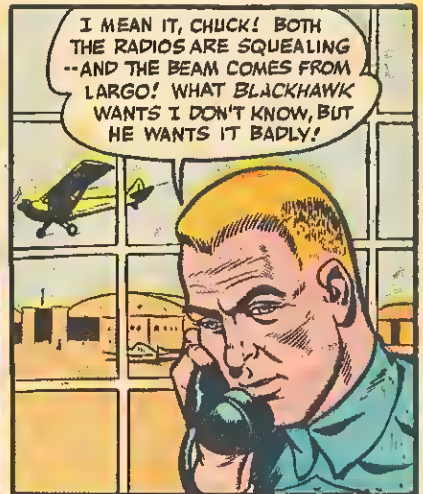
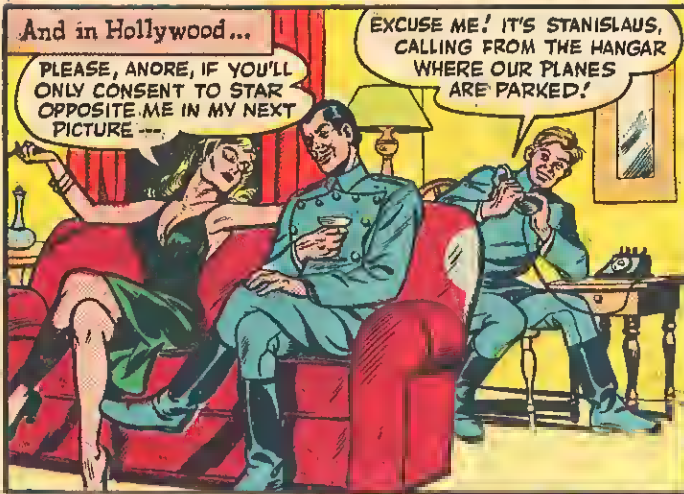
Meanwhile, in the cellar prison...



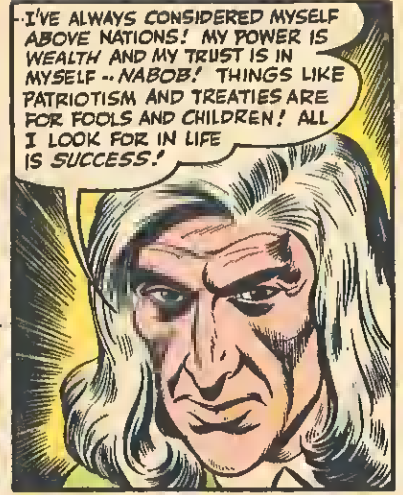
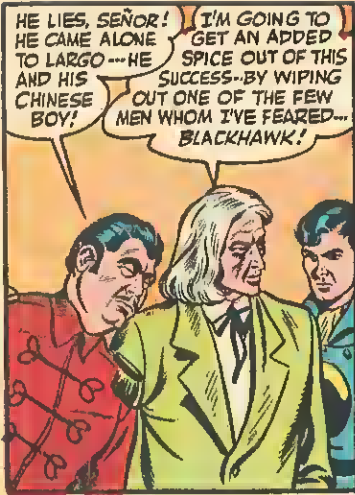




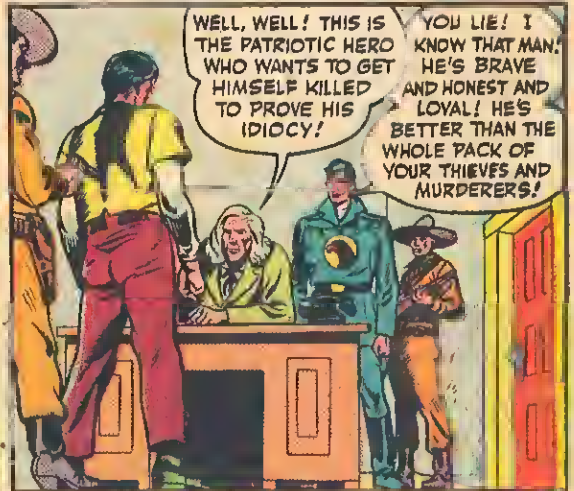




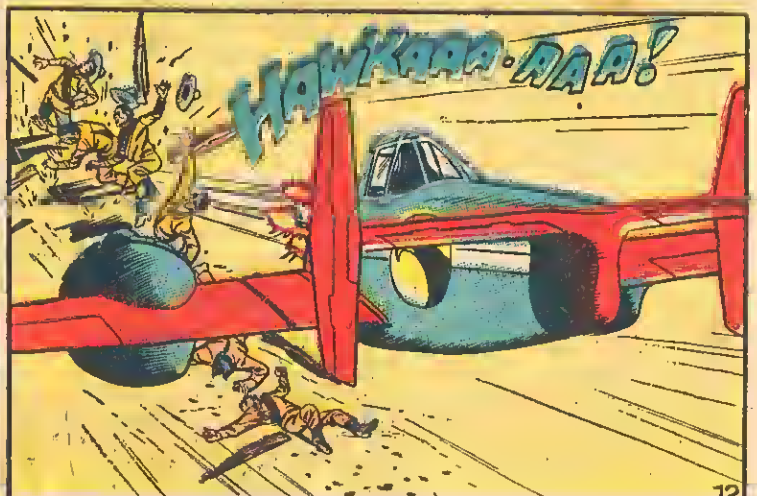
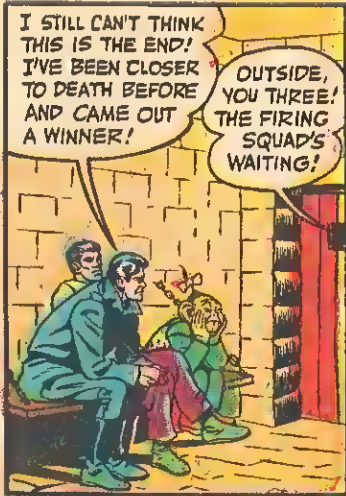




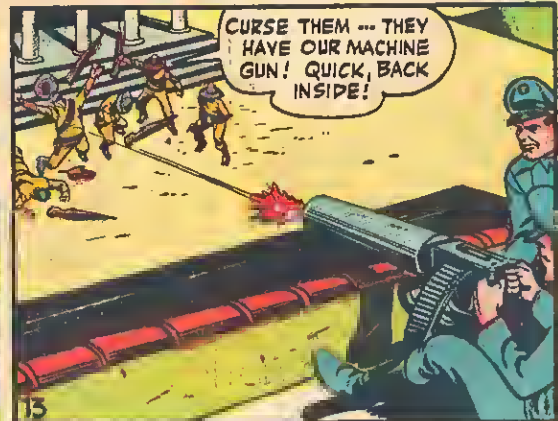
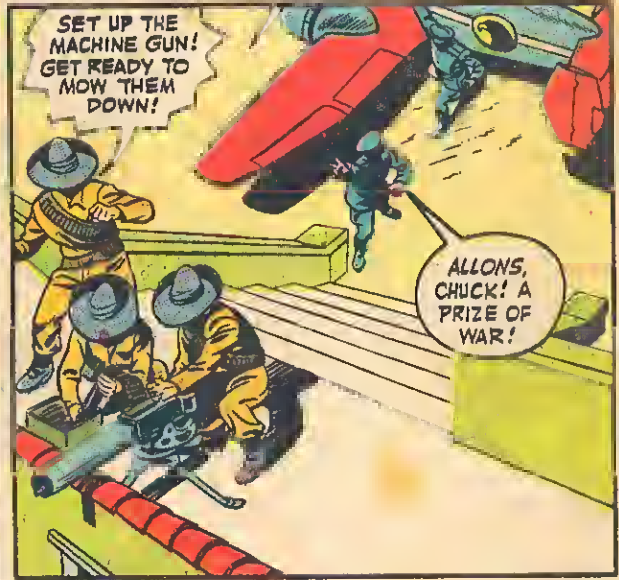












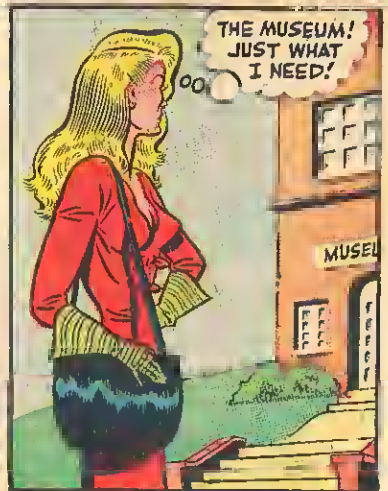
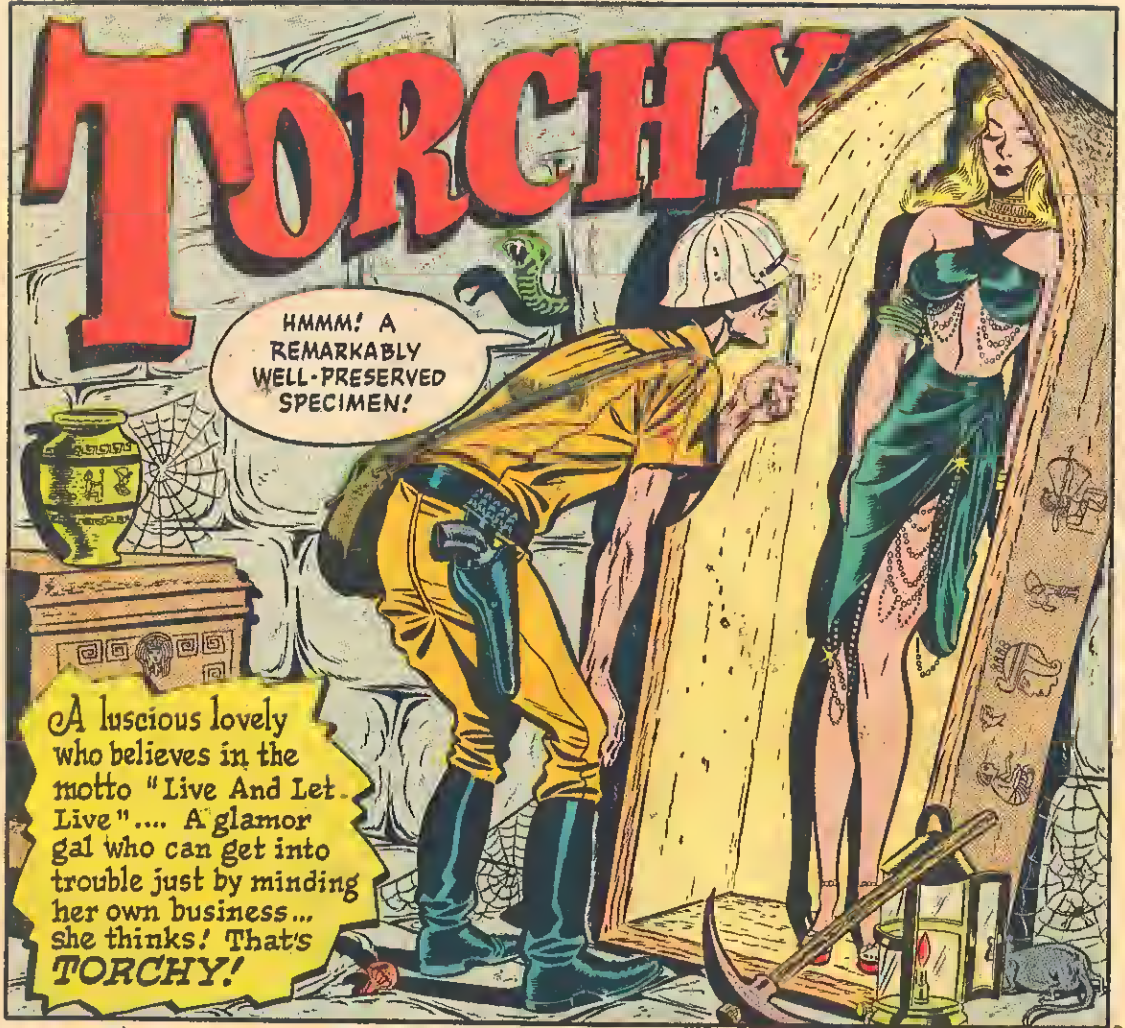






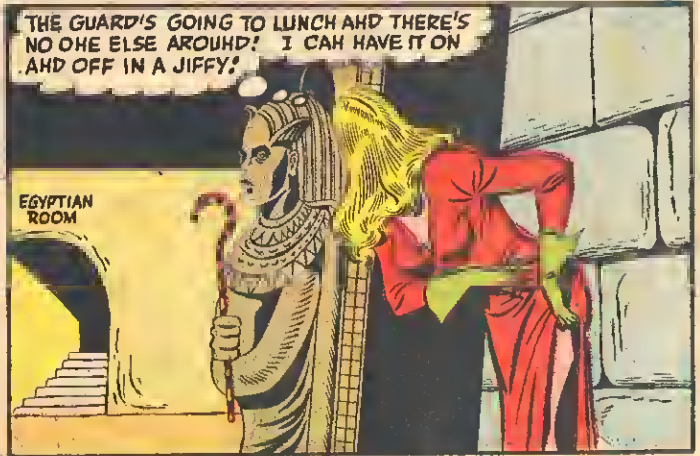
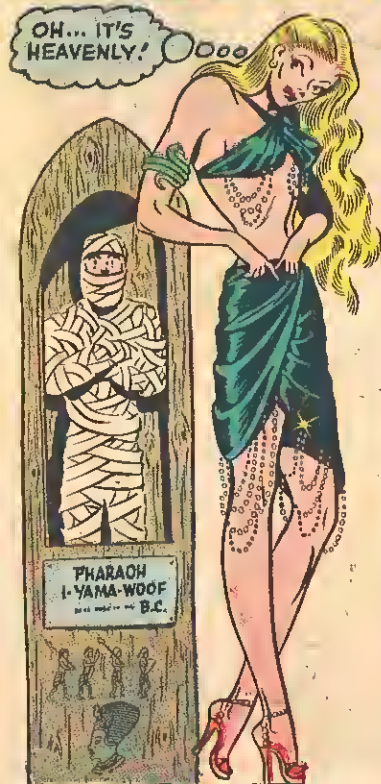
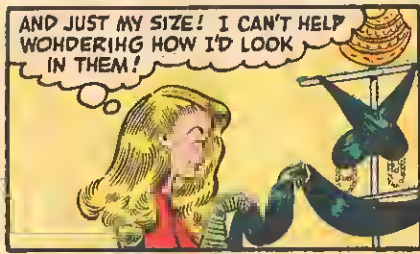
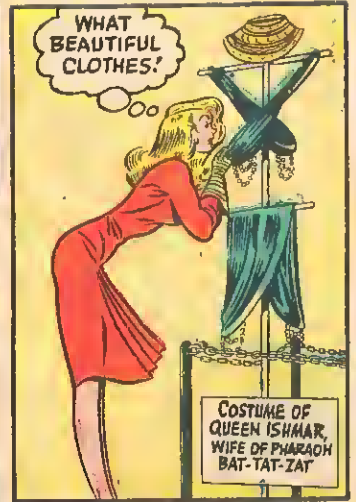
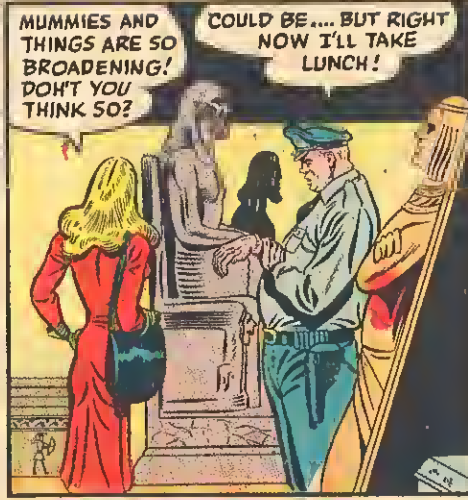
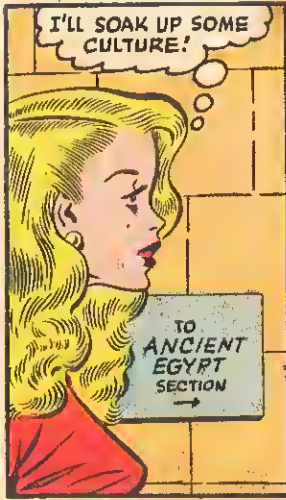


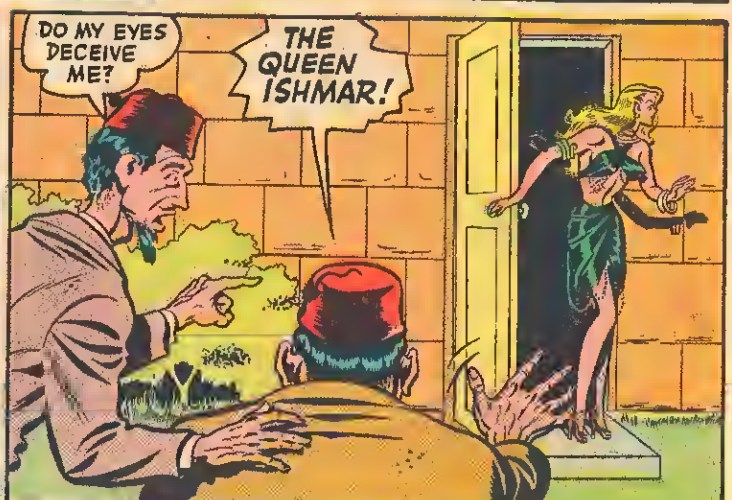
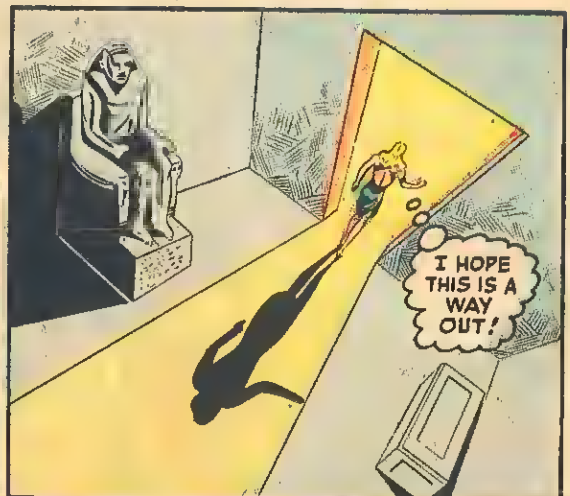
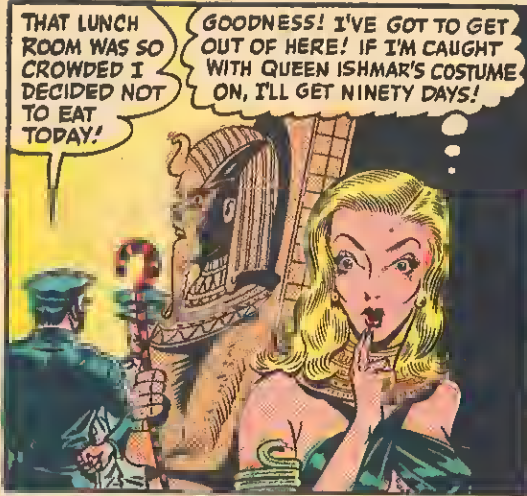




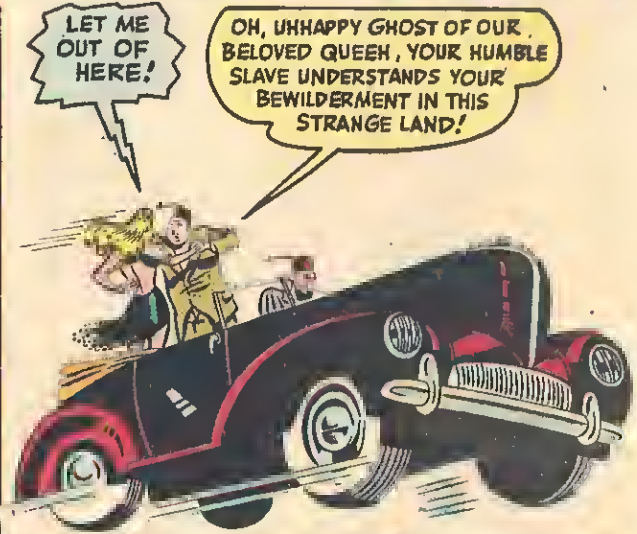
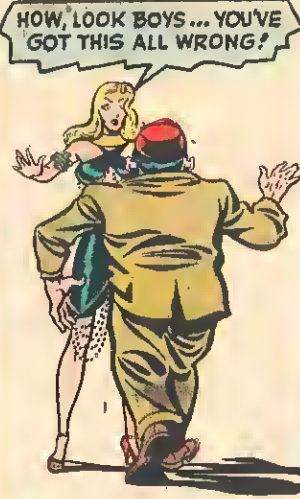


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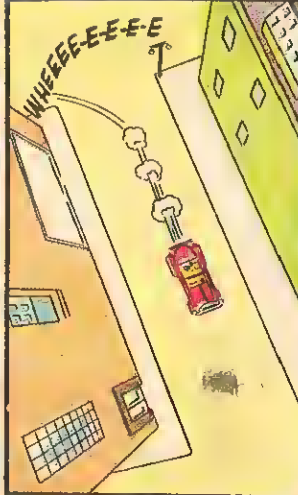








WHAT? SHE LEFT HER OWN CLOTHES THERE AND SWIPED A MUSEUM COSTUME? WE'LL PUT ALL OUR CARS ON HER TRAIL!

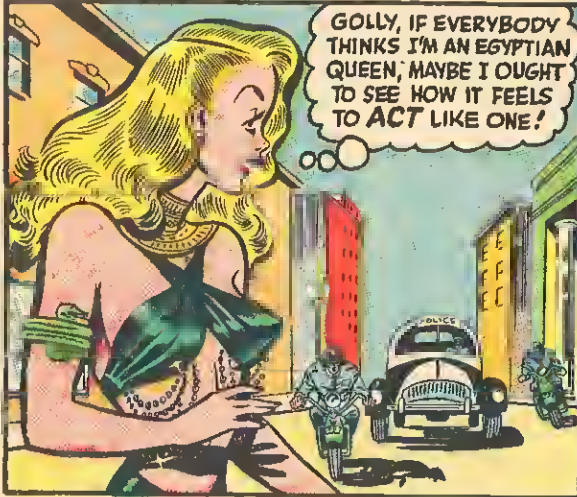


IF YOU DON'T STOP, I'LL JUMP!

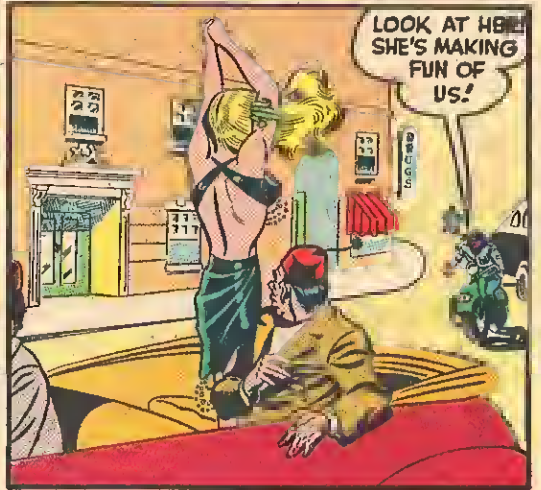
OH, QUEEN, SEE HOW EVEN THESE PEOPLE HONOR YOUR MAJESTY WITH A POLICE ESCORT!



GOLLY, IF EVERYBODY THINKS I'M AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN, MAYBE I OUGHT TO SEE HOW IT FEELS TO ACT LIKE ONE!

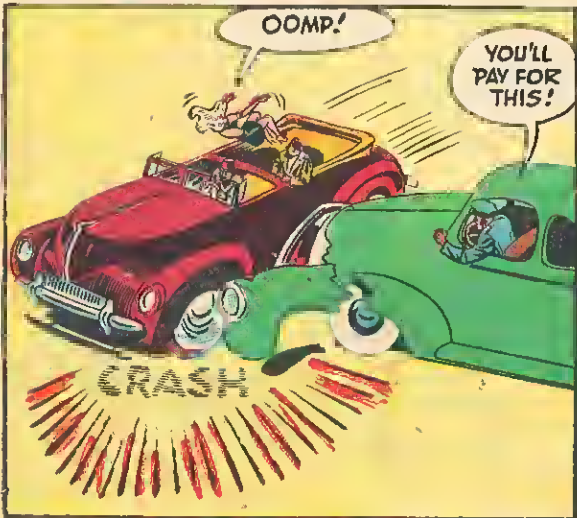


LOOK AT HER! SHE'S MAKING FUN OF US!



OOMP!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

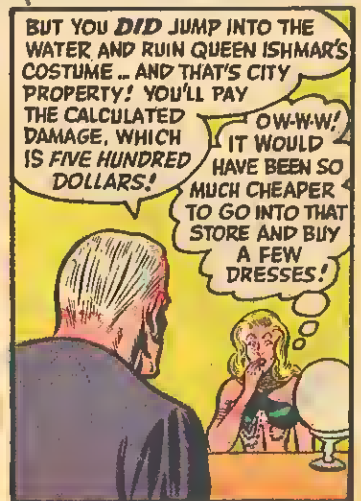
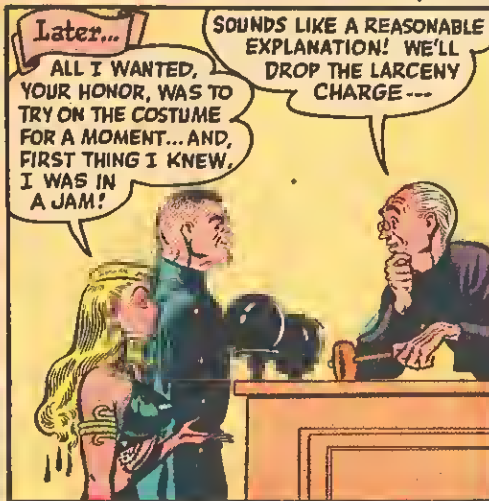
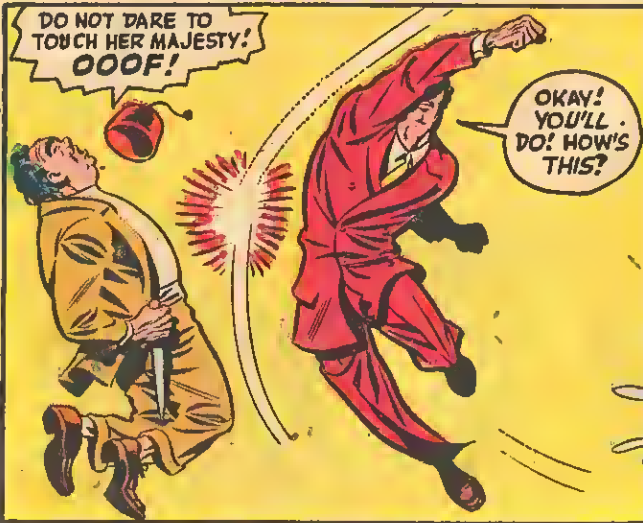
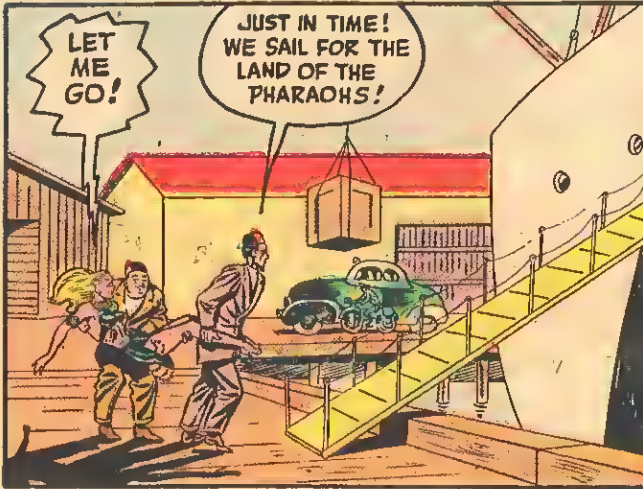


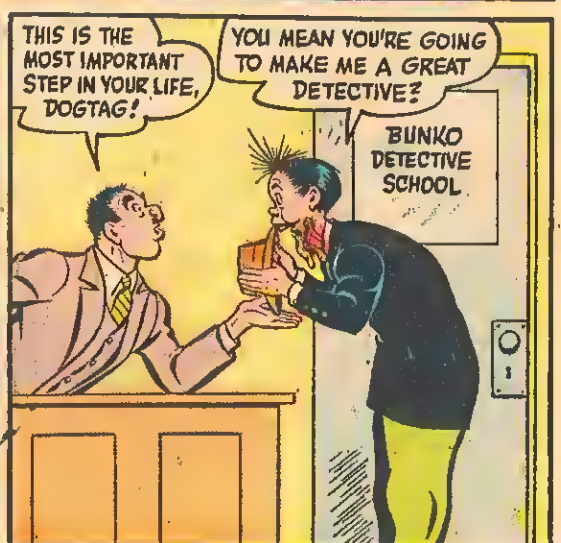
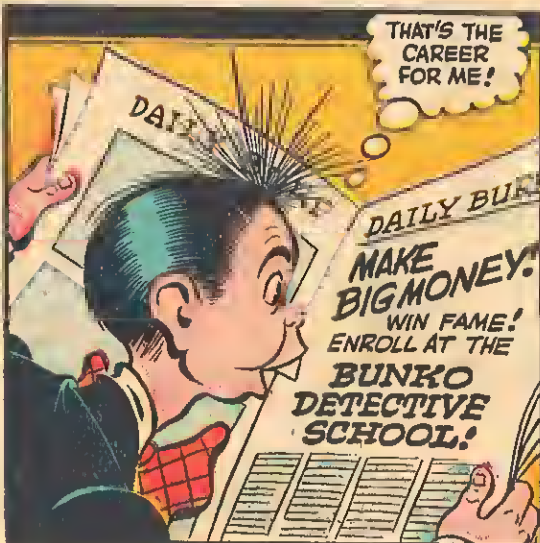
THE SHIP AWAITS YOU, YOUR MAJESTY! IT IS READY TO SAIL!

THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! I'M NOT SAILING ANY PLACE!

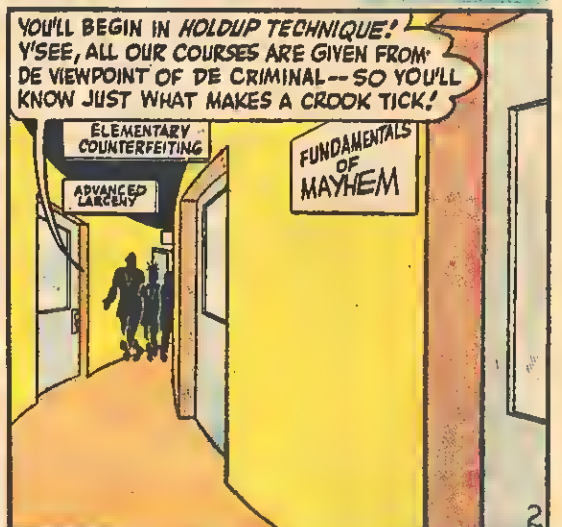
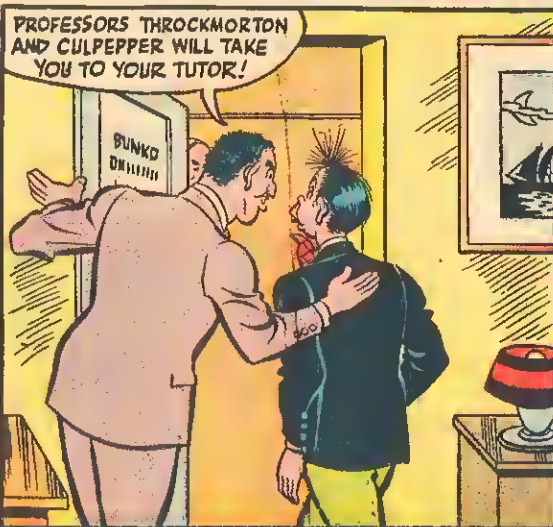
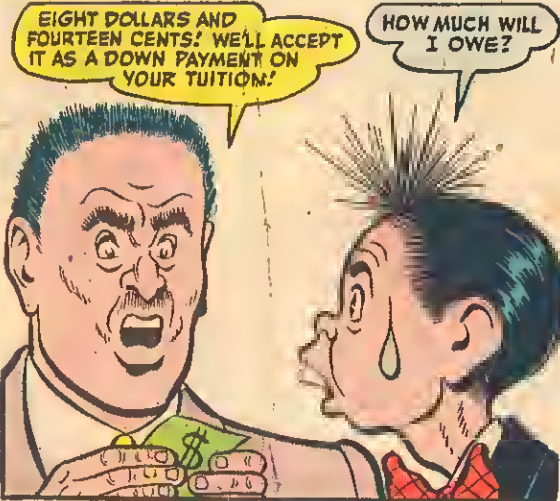


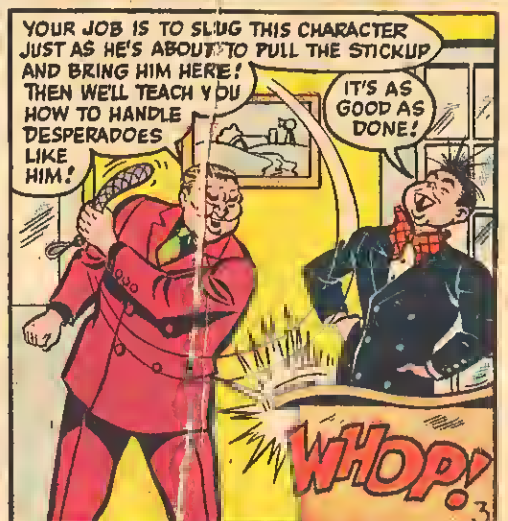
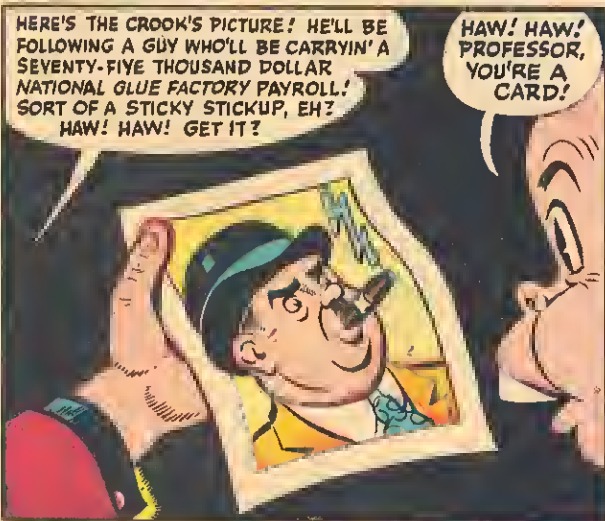
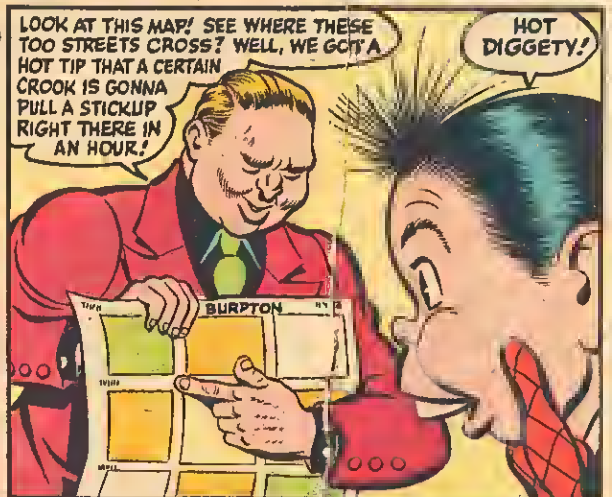
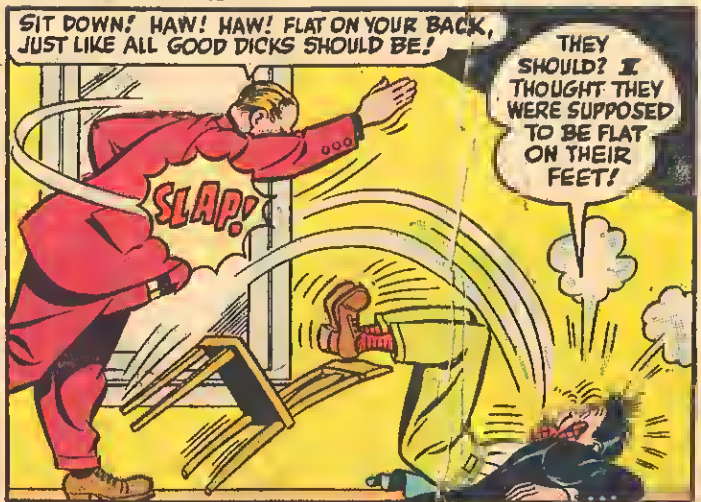




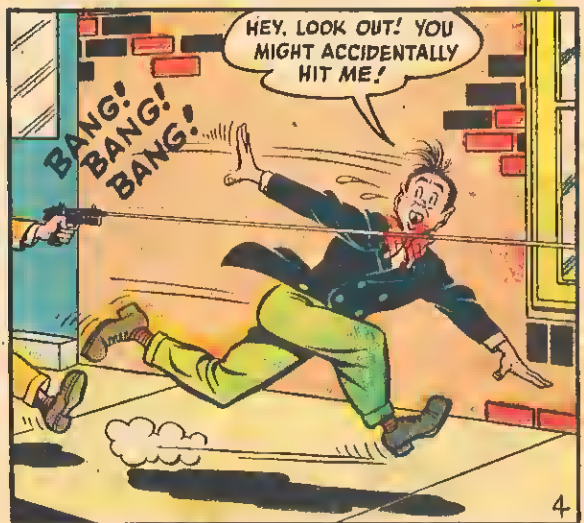


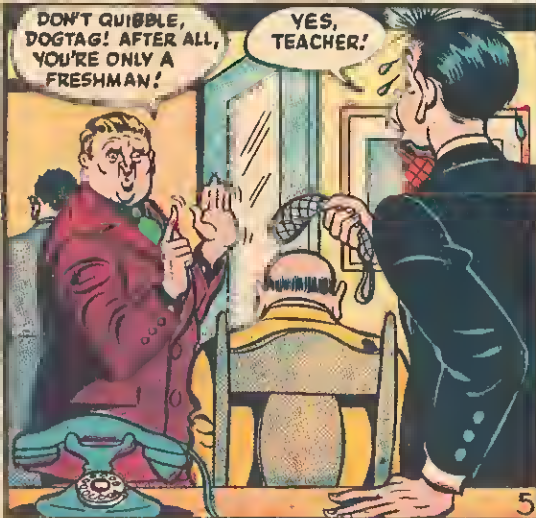
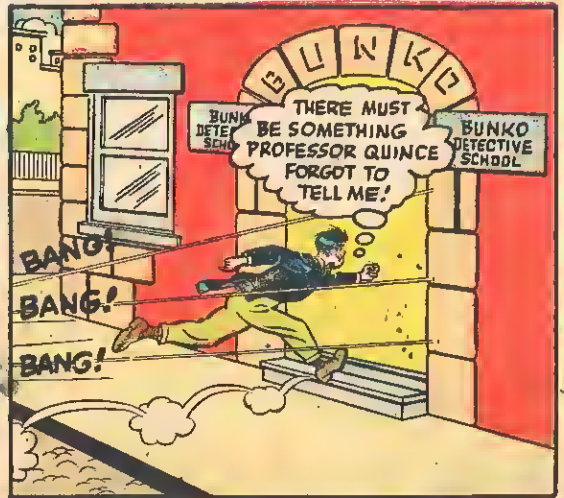
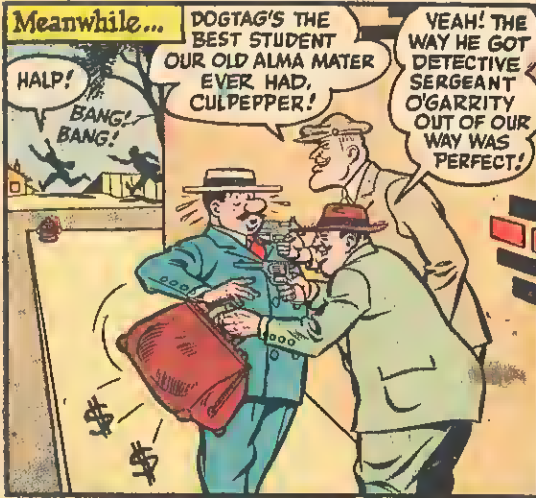




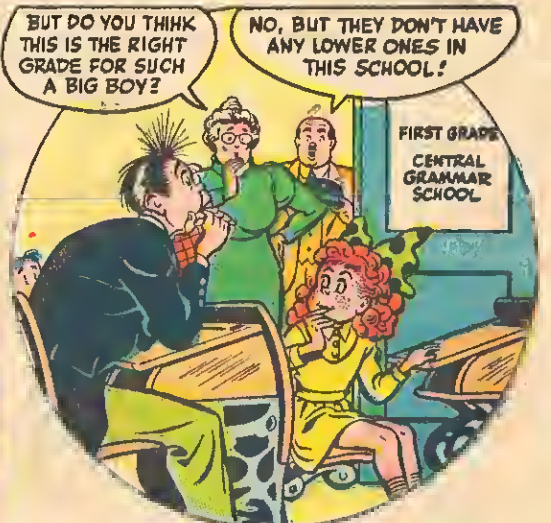
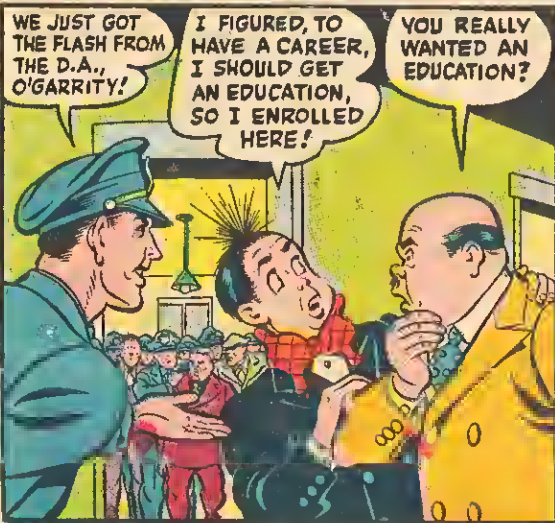
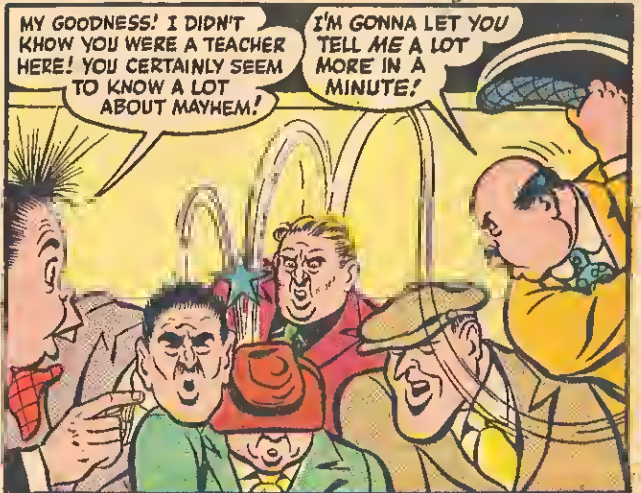
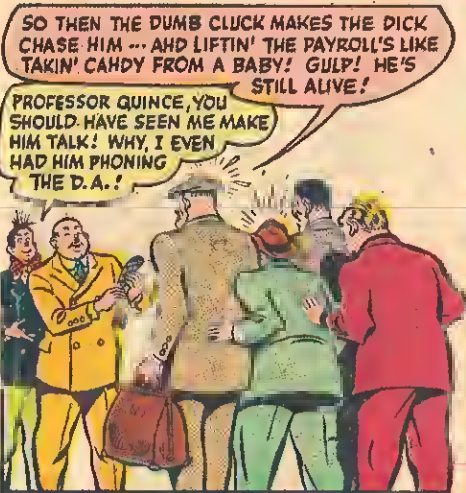






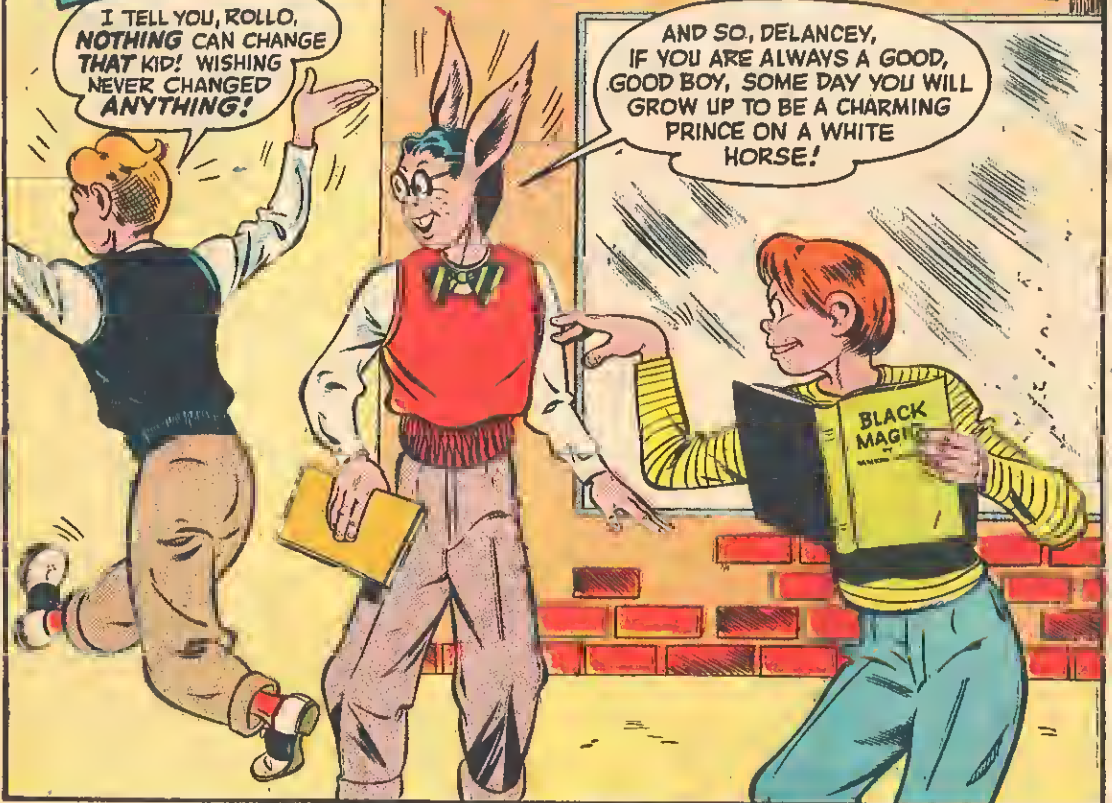






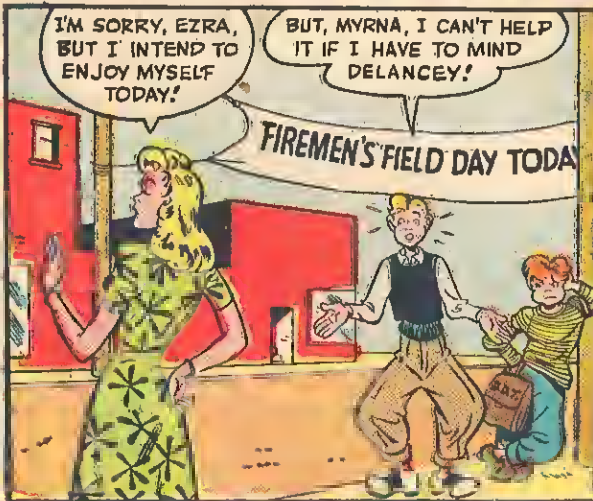
# EZRA

**Rollo  
minds  
Delancey!**



I TELL YOU, ROLLO,  
**NOTHING** CAN CHANGE  
THAT KID! WISHING  
NEVER CHANGED  
ANYTHING!

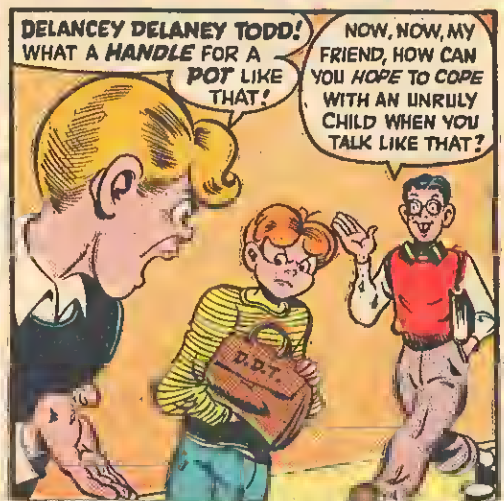
AND SO, DELANCEY,  
IF YOU ARE ALWAYS A GOOD,  
GOOD BOY, SOME DAY YOU WILL  
GROW UP TO BE A CHARMING  
PRINCE ON A WHITE  
HORSE!



I'M SORRY, EZRA,  
BUT I INTEND TO  
ENJOY MYSELF  
TODAY!

BUT, MYRNA, I CAN'T HELP  
IT IF I HAVE TO MIND  
DELANCEY!

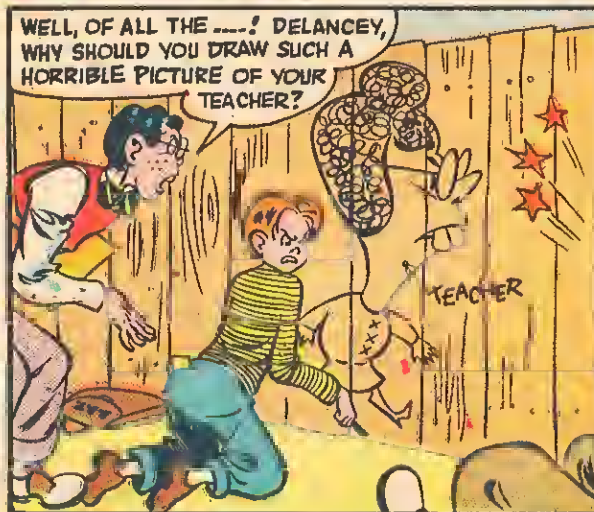
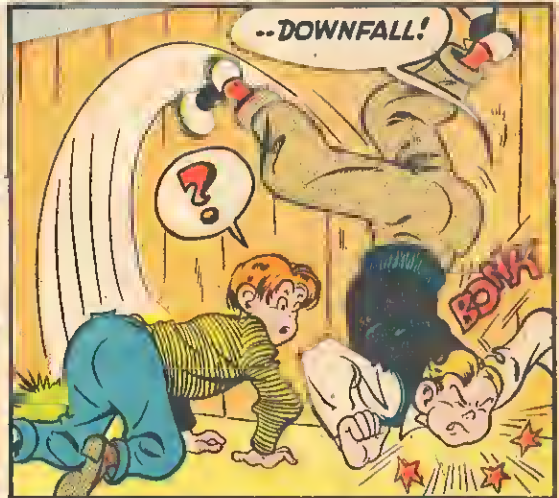
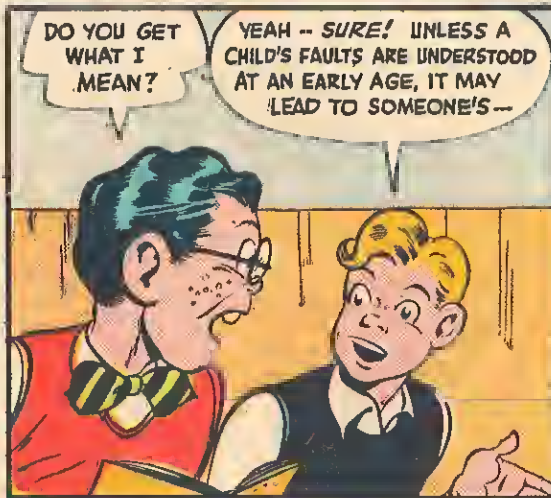
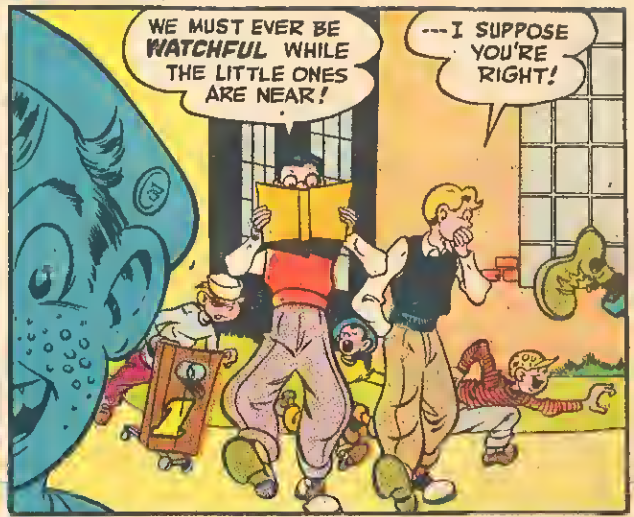
**FIREMEN'S FIELD DAY TODAY**



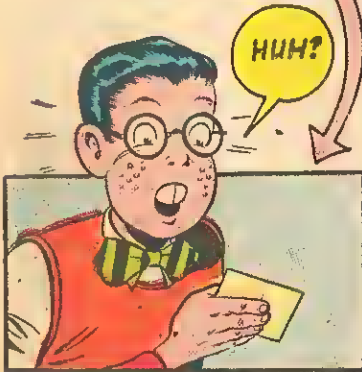
**DELANCEY DELANEY TODD!**  
WHAT A HANDLE FOR A  
**POT** LIKE  
THAT!

NOW, NOW, MY  
FRIEND, HOW CAN  
YOU HOPE TO COPE  
WITH AN UNRULY  
CHILD WHEN YOU  
TALK LIKE THAT?

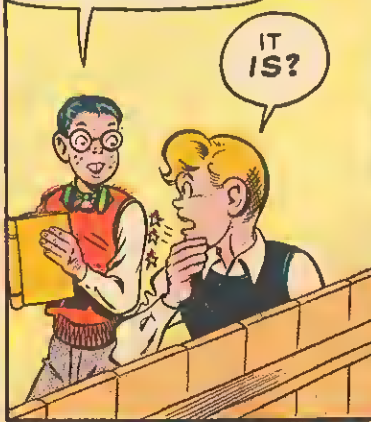




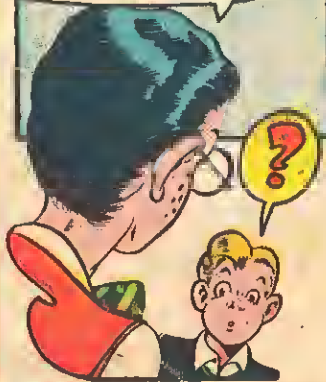
"ENGLISH 93... SPELLING 95...  
READING 92... ARITHMETIC 98...  
DEPARTMENT **REPULSIVE!**"



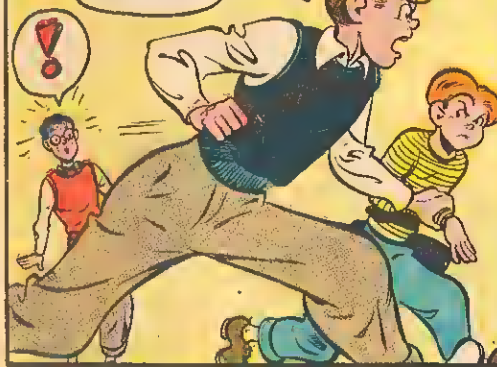
HMMM... A CHILD'S BEHAVIOR  
IN SCHOOL IS A REFLECTION  
ON HIS **HOME LIFE!**



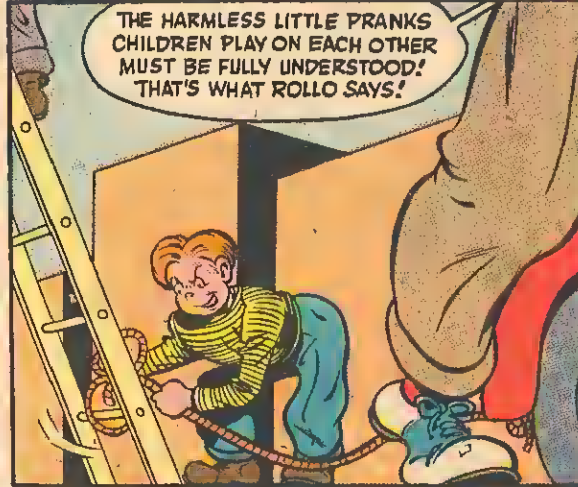
YOU'D BETTER GET TO THE  
BOTTOM OF THIS, EZRA! THIS  
TEACHER **INSULTED** YOUR  
RELATIVES! DEPARTMENT  
**REPULSIVE, INDEED!**



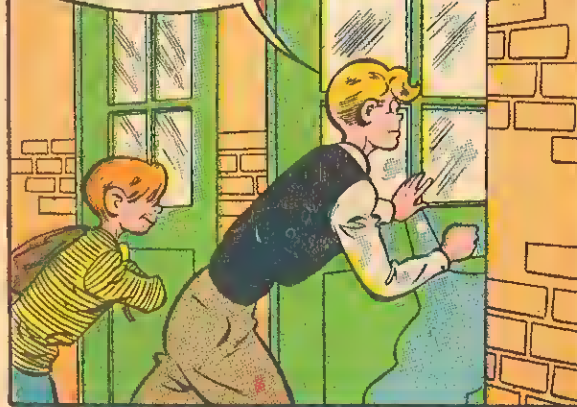
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO  
TELL SOME CRANKY OLD  
TEACHER OFF AND THIS  
IS MY CHANCE! COME,  
DELANCEY!



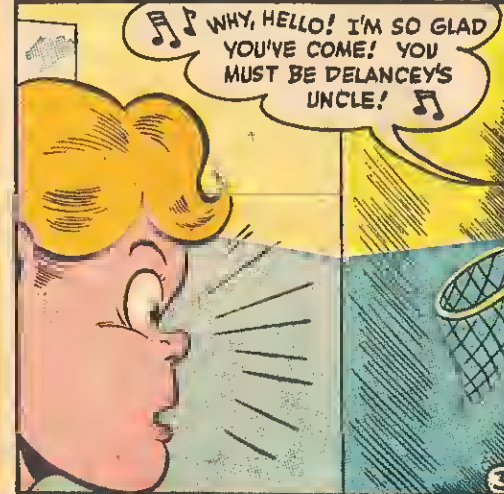
THE HARMLESS LITTLE PRANKS  
CHILDREN PLAY ON EACH OTHER  
MUST BE FULLY UNDERSTOOD!  
THAT'S WHAT ROLLO SAYS!



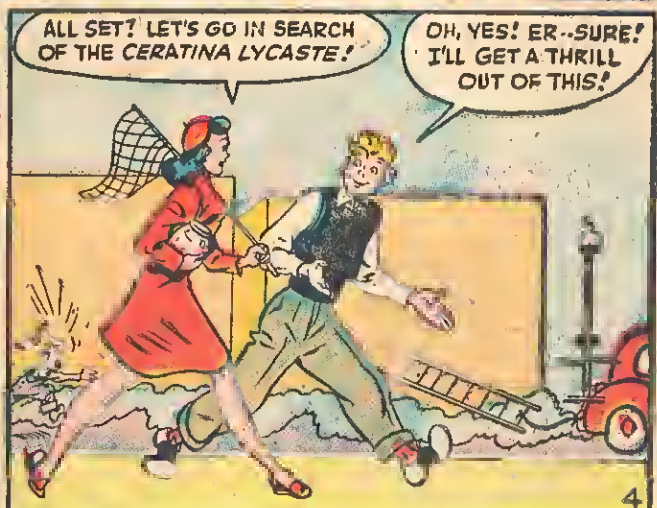
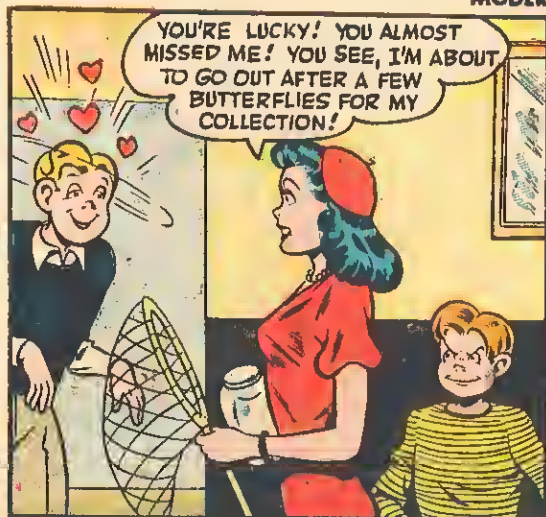
BOY, WILL I TELL  
THAT DRIED UP OLD PRUNE  
A THING OR TWO!

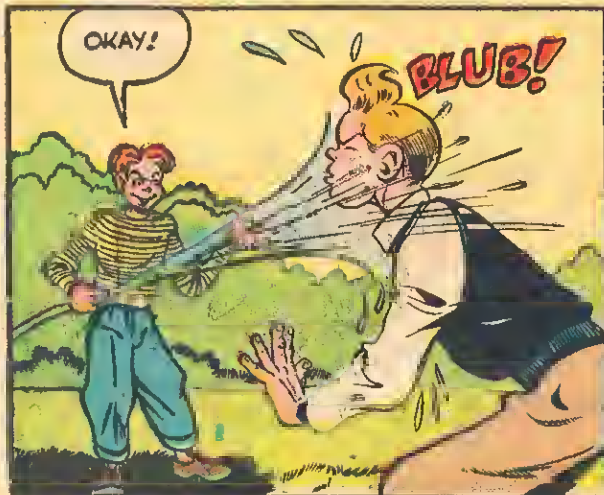
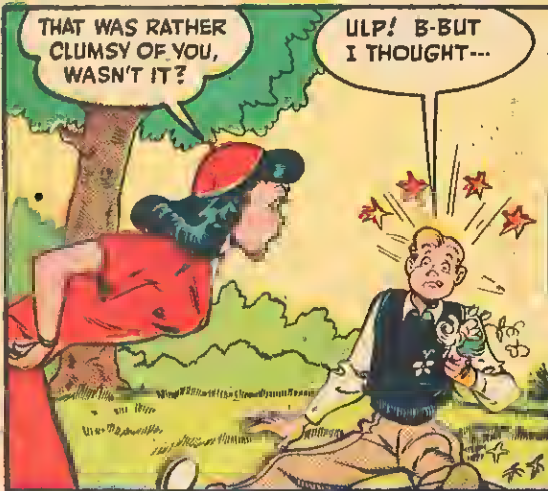
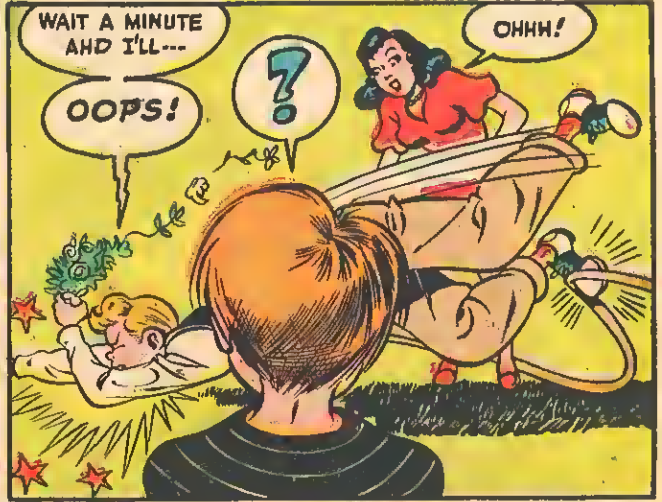
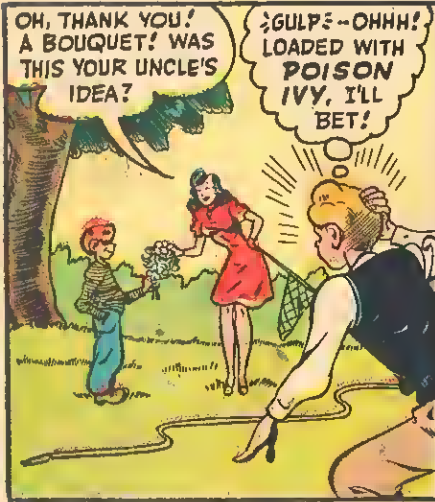


♪ ♪ WHY, HELLO! I'M SO GLAD  
YOU'VE COME! YOU  
MUST BE DELANCEY'S  
UNCLE! ♪

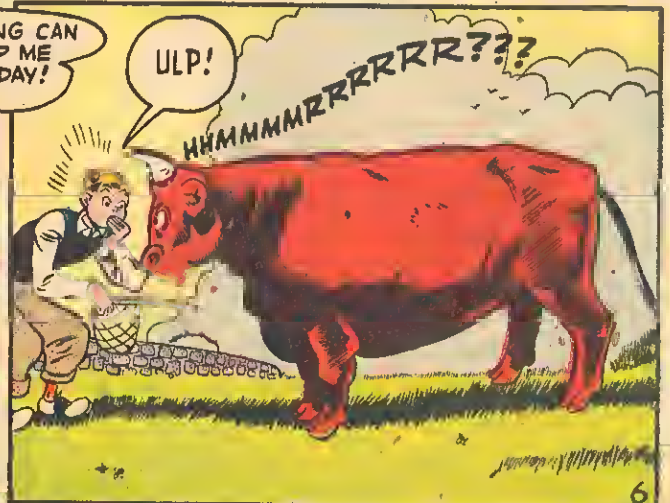
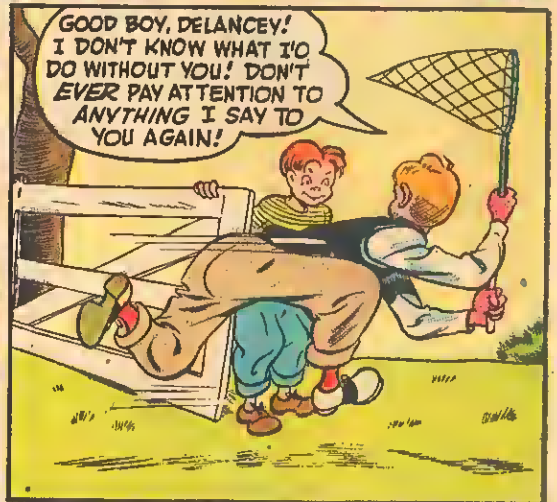
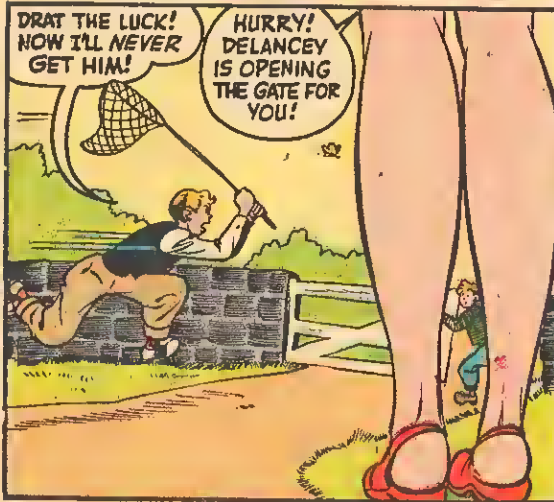
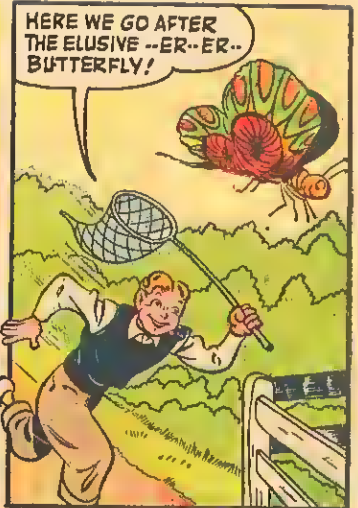


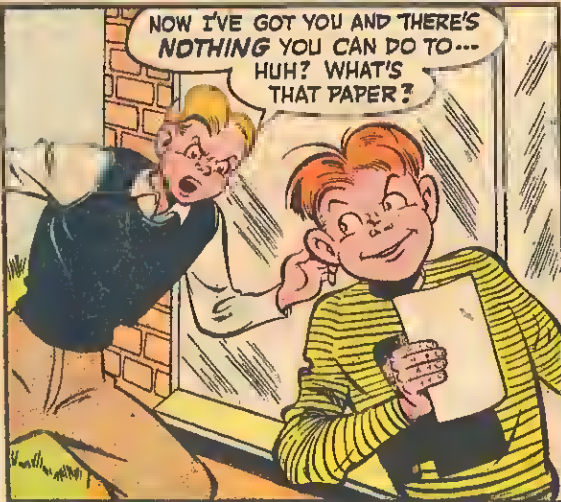
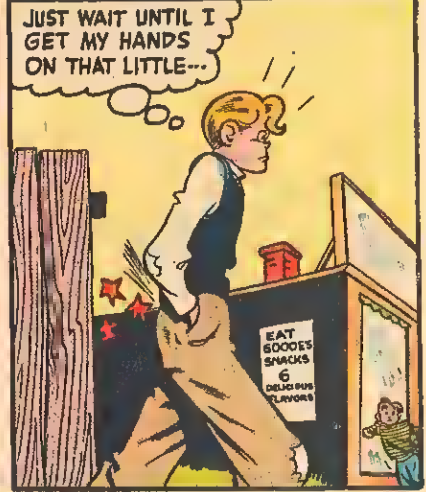
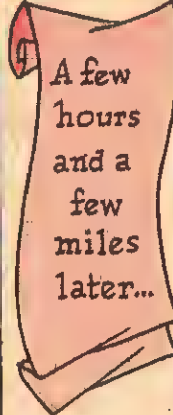
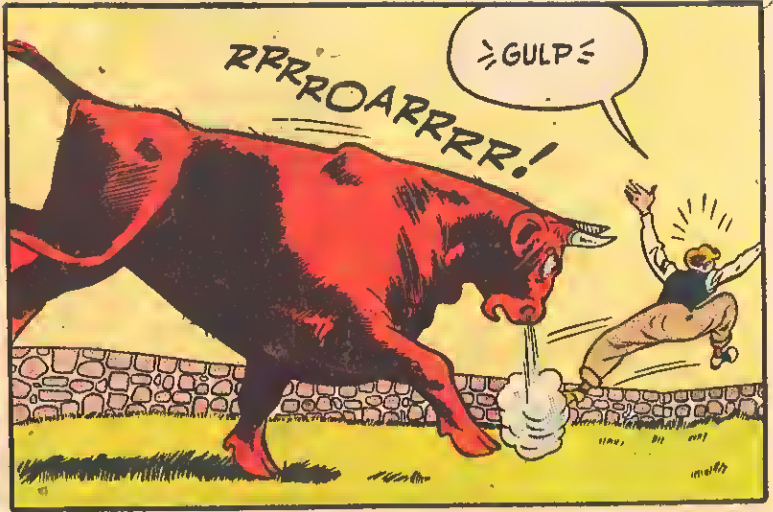
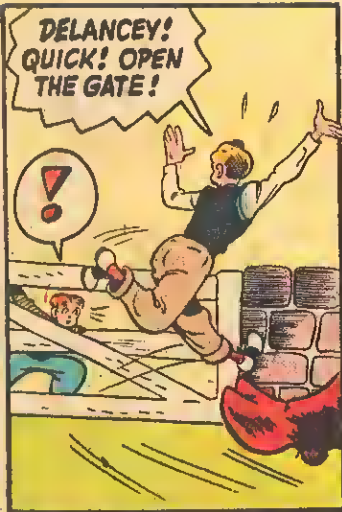




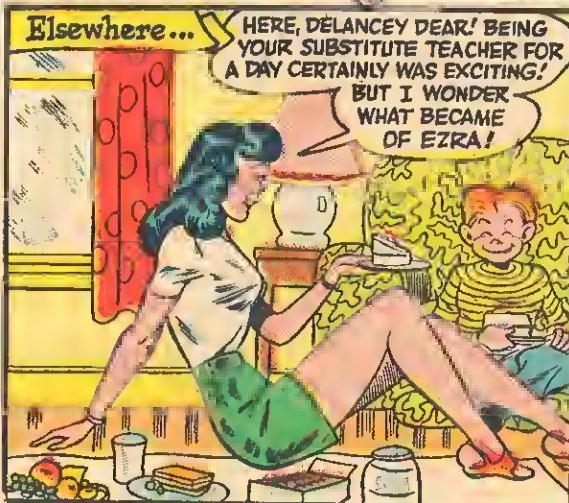
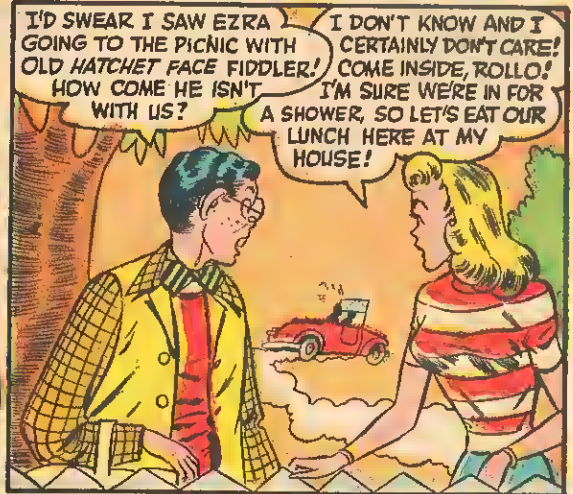
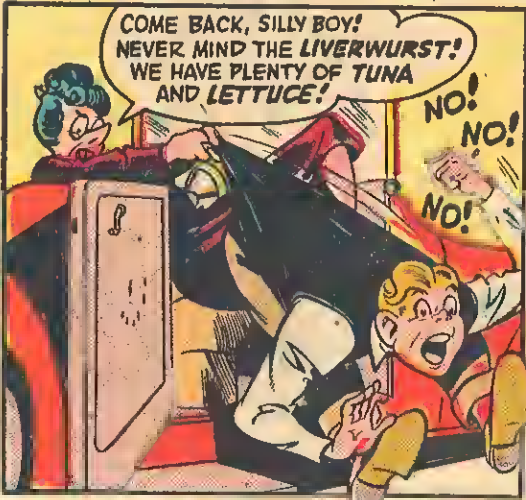
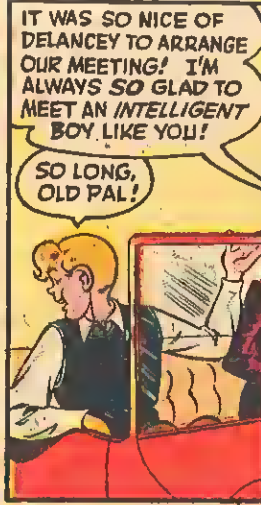
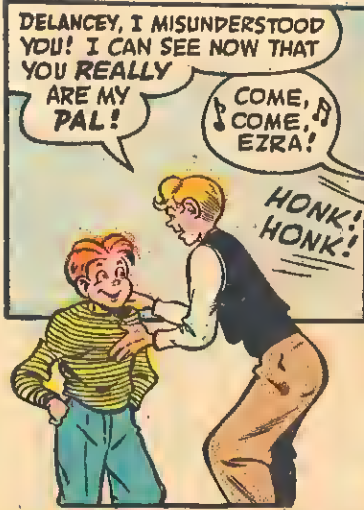












# CHOO CHOO

RELAX, CHERRY! I WAS  
PREPARED FOR THIS!  
HOLLYWOOD WILL BE  
SCREAMING FOR  
THESE PICTURES!

YIEE! SHOOT,  
CHOO CHOO!  
SHOOT!



WELL, CHERRY,  
WE DID  
IT!

RIGHT, CHOO CHOO!  
WE'LL BE OUTDOORS,  
LEADING GOOD,  
CLEAN LIVES!

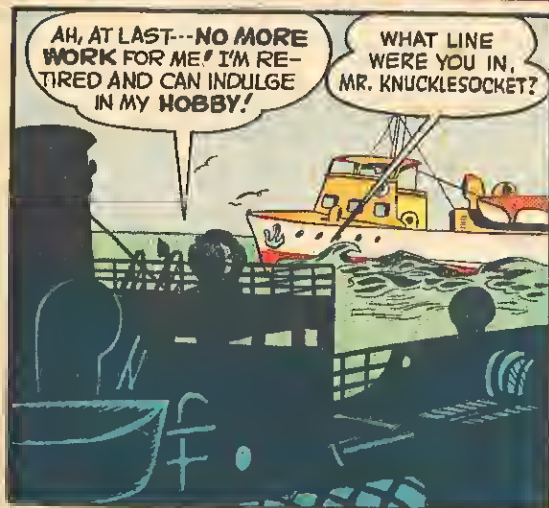
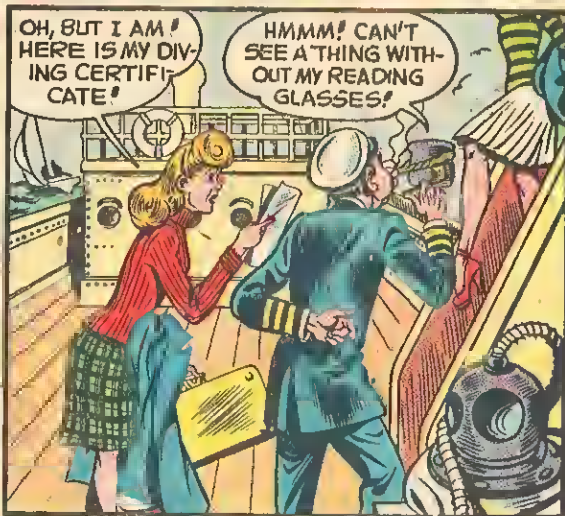
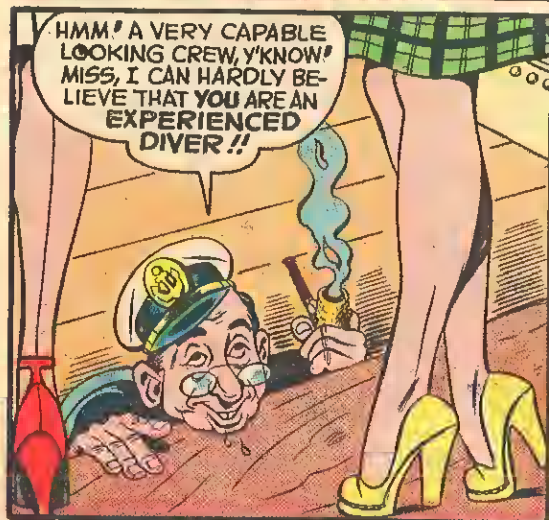


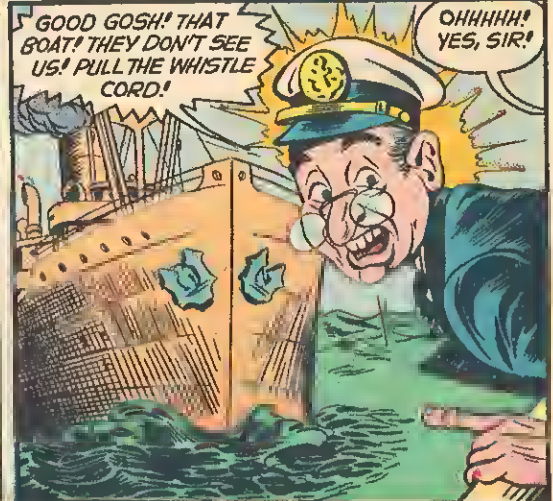
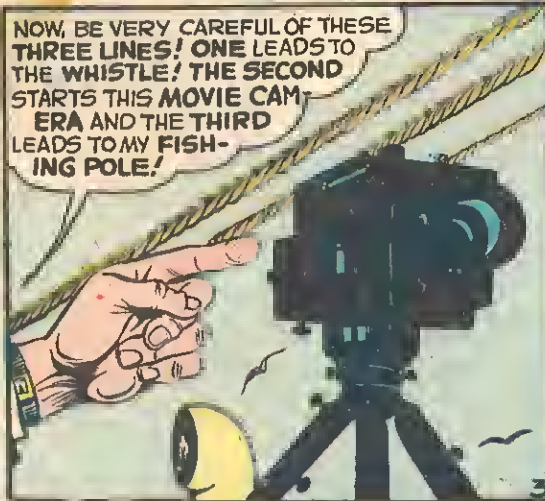
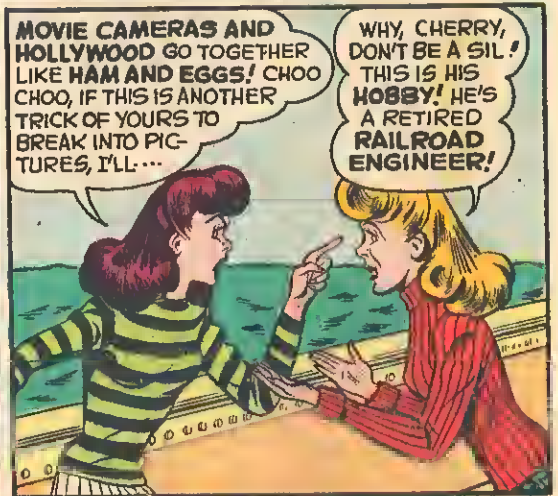
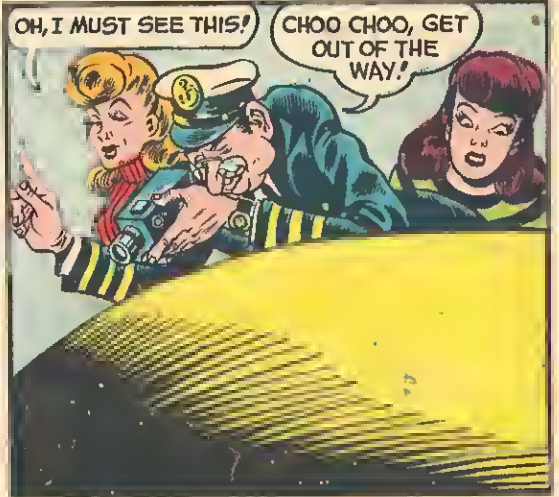
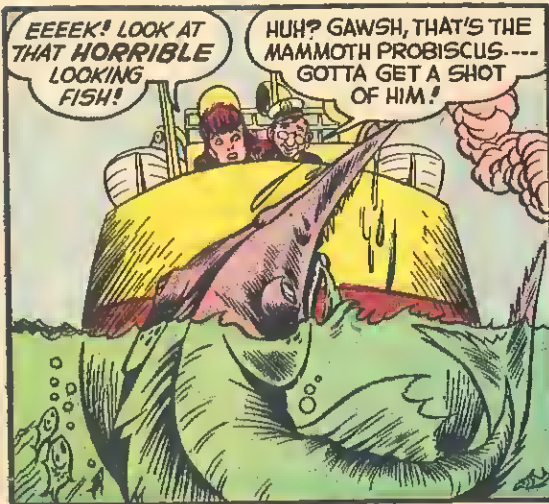
I CAN HARDLY  
WAIT TO GET  
STARTED!

AH, THE CALL OF  
THE SEA! THRILL-  
ING ADVENTURE!

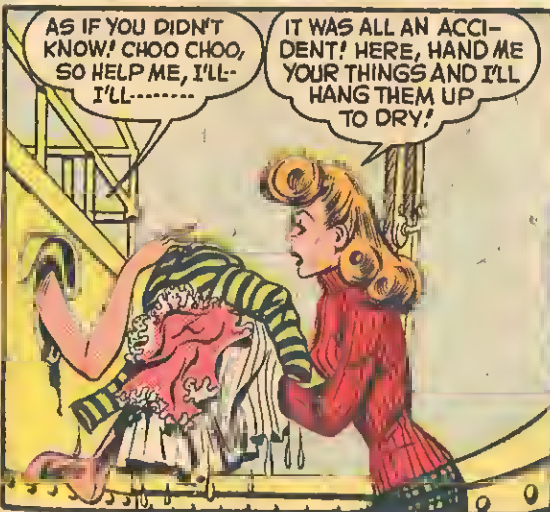
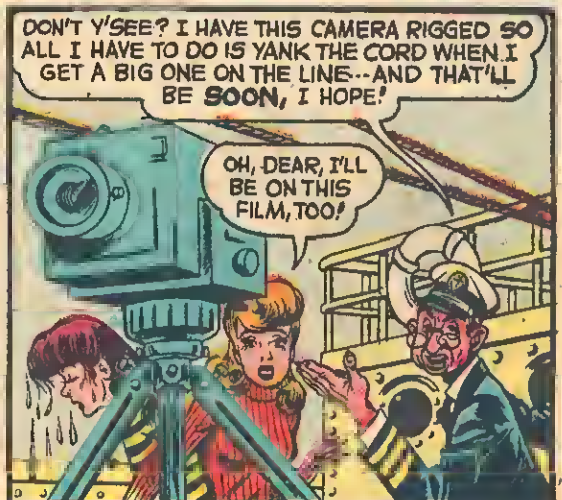
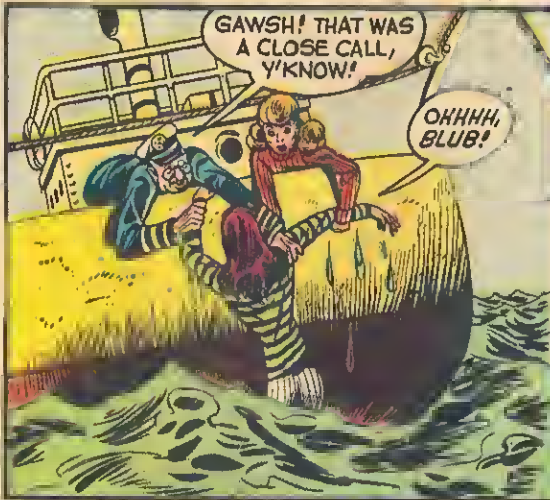
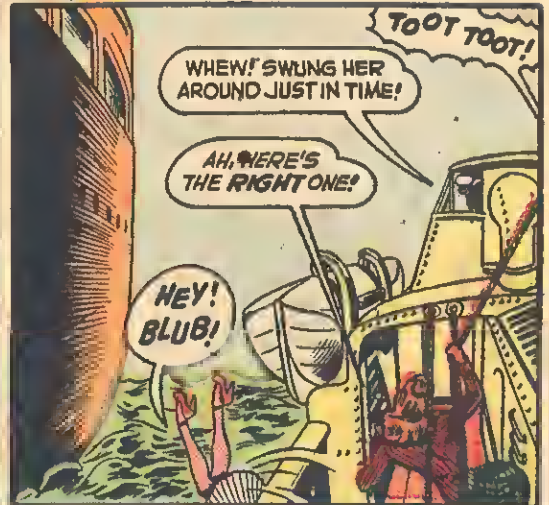
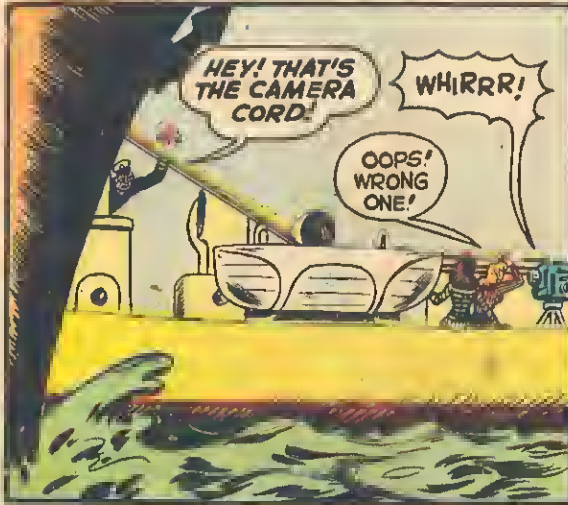


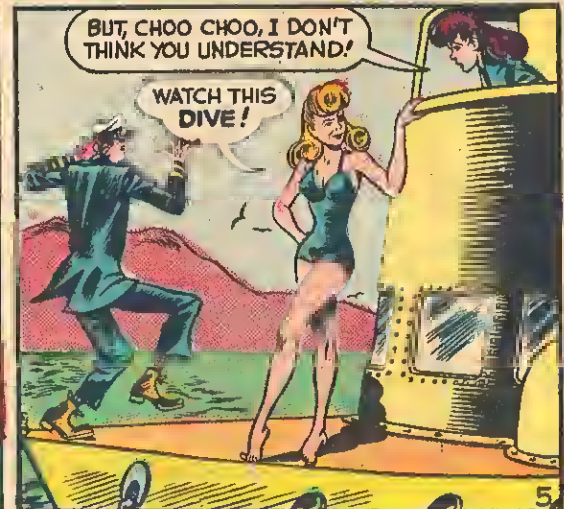
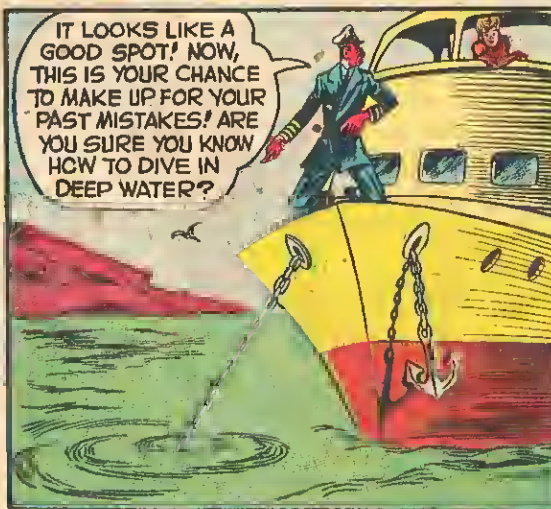
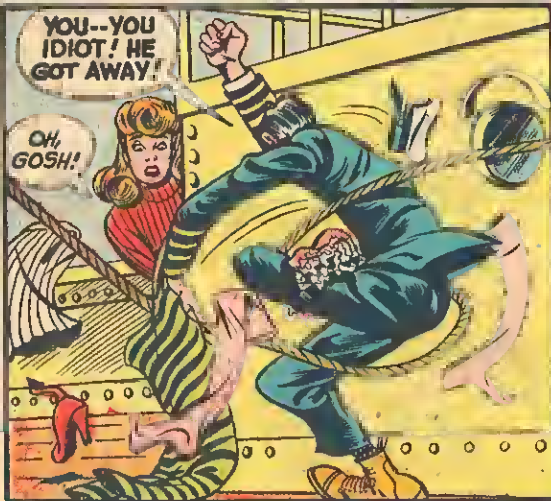




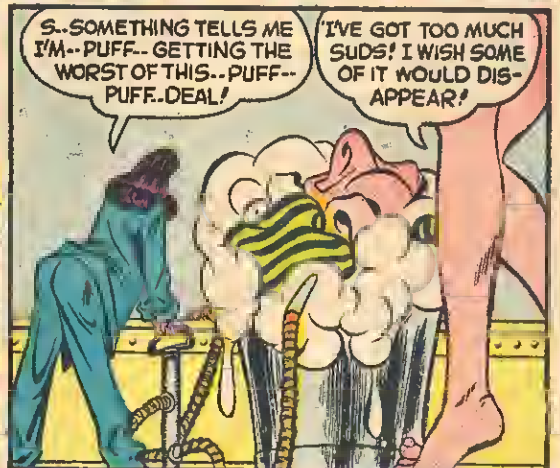
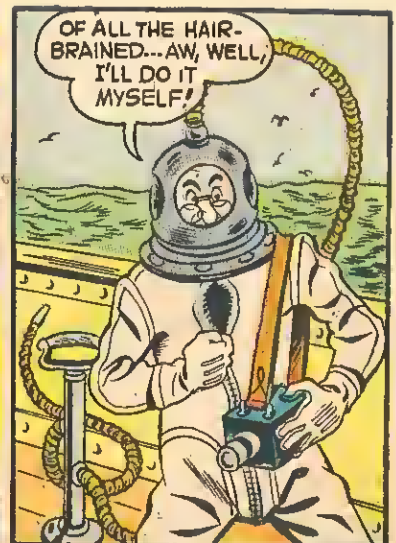
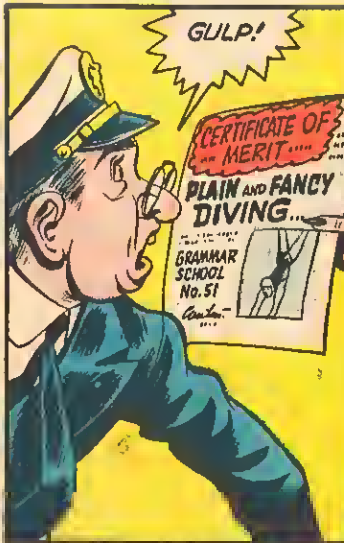


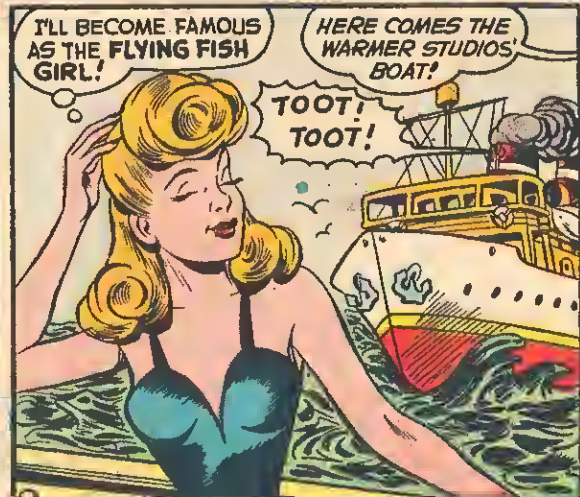
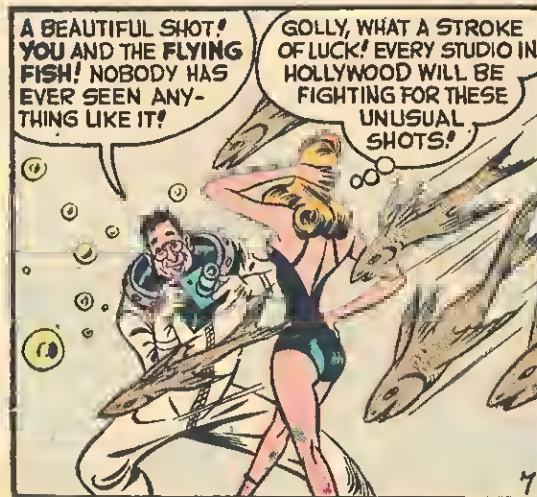
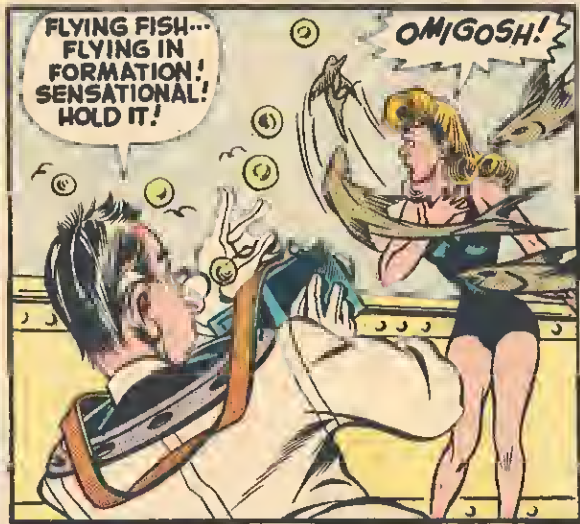
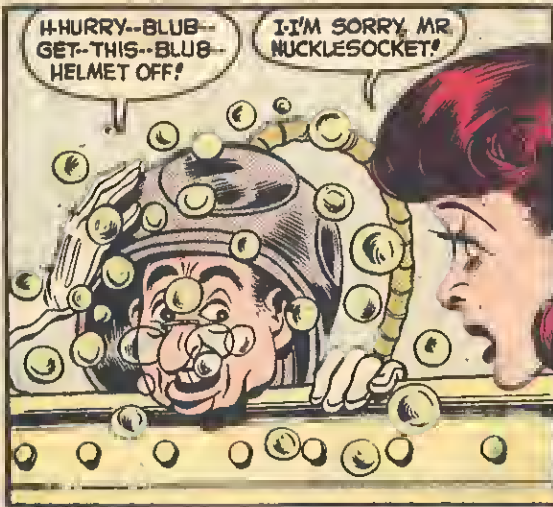






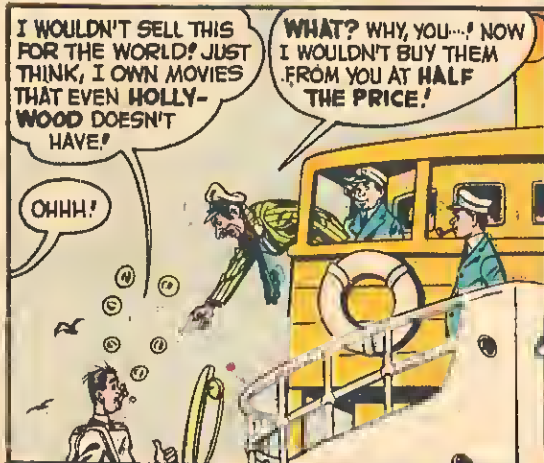
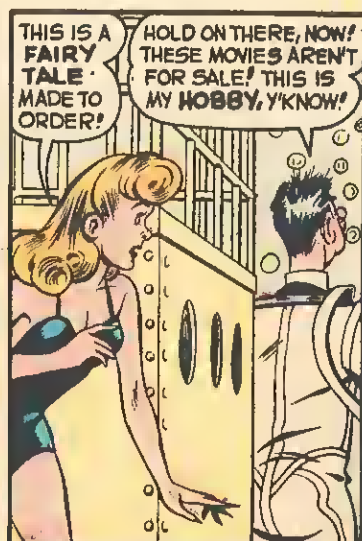
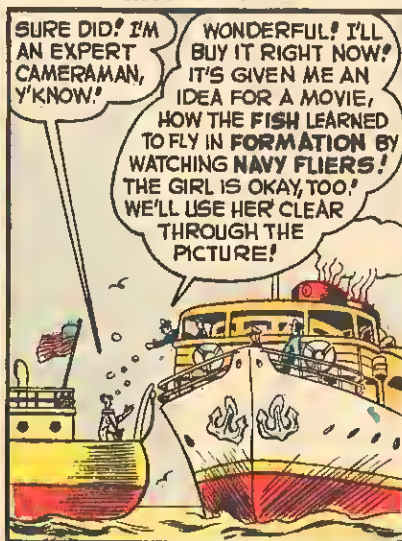








MODERN COMICS



# Trial By FIRE

**Y**OUNG ROD FLYNN and his father were playing with Rod's pet skunk when the latter saw the flash of red off in the woods, and pointed.

"Mountie, dad."

"Where?" The older man squinted.

"He just rode down the gully. There—his head is showing. Why, it's Inspector Burke!"

A strange, drawn look came over John Flynn's tanned, seamed face. He dusted off his overalls and said to Rod, "You go on playing, boy. I'll go see what Burke wants." He strode off toward the little log house two hundred yards up from the flax field.

Rod played on with his skunk. Inspector Burke and his father sat on the tiny front porch of the house. They seemed to be in earnest conversation. Rod wondered what they were talking about. He liked Inspector Burke. They occasionally played games together. Burke was a good woodsman. They hadn't seen the Mountie in some time. Rod wondered what they could be talking about.

"Come, Smoky," he called to the striped little animal, which quickly came to him. Rod had found Smoky as a tiny kitten and raised him. They were great pals.

Rod snapped the chain on Smoky's collar and hurried toward the house.

His father saw him and hurried the conversation. "Not a word about this to Rod, Burke," he said. "I don't want him to know. Are you sure I can be back here by evening?"

The Mountie nodded. "Six at the latest, if you ride fast enough," he told him. "Well, let's go."

John Flynn went into the house and changed his clothes. Rod and Burke played one of their word games, in which Rod was to guess the meaning of a jumble of sounds Burke would make. Rod always won. They had a nice laugh. Then Flynn appeared on the porch.

"Rod, do you mind saddling Nellie for me?" he asked his son. "Got to ride into town for a few hours."

"Aw, dad, can't I go, too?"

"Not this time, son. Saddle Nellie now."

Rod hurried to his father's bidding. He wondered all the time he was saddling the old mare; there was something disquieting about all this.

His father acted . . . and Inspector Burke was not the same.

He led Nellie back to the porch and Flynn mounted. "Be a good lad," he said to Rod. "I'll be back in time for supper. You rustle some grub, eh, boy?"

"Sure, dad. I'll shoot some squirrels."

The two men rode off, both turning to wave at the edge of the clearing. Then they vanished in the thick forest.

Rod stood for a time watching the place where they had disappeared. Something gripped him, made him feel tight inside. What did the Mountie want with his father? Mounties never took men away like that unless they were arresting them, did they? But what could his father have done? Pshaw! Guess I'm just nervous, he thought.

The day wore on. In the far north twilight lingers for a long time during this time of year. It was five before Rod thought about getting supper. He took his .22 rifle and stepped into the woods. He went only a couple of hundred yards when he drew a bead on a fine gray squirrel. Down he came. Two more. That was enough. He'd hurry now and bake a squirrel pie. Maw had taught him to cook well. Poor Maw . . . how he missed her. Smallpox. Dad had been both mother and father to him. He loved his dad. What did Burke want with him?

The pie was baked and Rod had the table set for two. He looked at the old-fashioned clock ticking away above the fireplace. Six twenty. Dad was a little late. Oh, well, it was a long ride out from town.

At seven o'clock, the night was beginning to crowd out the lavender and mauve of evening. Pretty soon it would be dark. Where was dad?

Rod went outside and sat on a stump a few feet from the cabin door. He listened. Only a few casual twitters of birds bedding down for the night. An occasional stealthy sound as some small animal passed through the forest. Silence.

Gosh, the big woods could be quiet sometimes. A single pale green star suddenly appeared in the dark eastern skies. Another. Pretty soon a whole galaxy of them were twinkling across the heavens. Rod went inside and looked at the clock. Eight fifteen.

Dad! What could be keeping him?

Then suddenly Rod knew. All his fears came with a rush to fill him with a great foreboding.



## MODERN COMICS

That Mountie had arrested his father, put him in jail! Yes, Rod was sure of it. His father was a prisoner!

Rod flicked a tear off his cheek. He'd not cry. No, that wouldn't do any good. What *would* he do? He'd ride into town, that's what he'd do. Then he remembered that Old Bob had a spavin and could not be ridden. It was twenty miles to town. No, he wouldn't walk it at night, through the black forest—!

Rod had worked himself into a fine state when his nose registered an ominous odor. He sniffed the wind in every direction. Yes, there it was, strong from the north. Smoke! A woods fire? They were dangerous this time of year, when everything was tinder-dry.

Quickly he shinnied up a tall pine and gazed into the north. What he saw brought a bleat of fear from him. As far as he could see from east to west, a great glowing red line danced on the horizon. A huge forest fire was coming with the wind. Coming toward the cabin! Even as he watched it, the red line became a wall of leaping flame, fast approaching. He'd have to work fast. The cabin was right in the middle of the blaze.

Rod scampered down the tree and ran to the barn. He untied Old Bob and the cow and herded them into the woods, driving them south with a slap and shout.

Then he ran down to the flax field and unfastened Smoky. The skunk ran after him, sensing the ancient terror of fire, and in its mute way begging for protection. Rod made a sack of the cold meat pie, some bread and a canteen of cold water. He grabbed up his late mother's picture and her little Bible. These he stuffed into a pocket and dashed out of the house.

The fire was nearer, much nearer. It lit up the whole forest in a blood-red glare. With Smoky at his heels, Rod dashed into the woods, running southward.

When he had gone a good mile, halting to catch his wind, he knew that the fire was gaining. It was not a mile behind him, and coming rapidly. What could he do?

The smoke was getting bad now, blowing down and around him, filling his lungs with a great stinging and making his eyes water. He coughed and sputtered. Little Smoky tottered after him, making futile sounds.

Rod dashed off again. "Come on, Smoky," he called "We gotta get out of here fast!"

He crossed a small stream and remembered what a fire warden had told him once: that sometimes a stream would cut off a fire. Not this stream; it was too narrow; the flames would quickly leap across.

Rod ran, stumbling, coughing, crying. The flames were roaring and crackling behind him,

closer and closer. He could feel the first hot breath of the flames on the back of his neck. He prayed as he ran. Prayed for his father, who might well be caught in this terrible conflagration. Where was his dad?

Minute after minute fell away behind Rod's running feet. He was growing weak, and the smoke was choking him. He fell many times, scratching hands and face on the briars. Smoky trudged along behind, in a panic.

"Dad!" called Rod, half out of his head with fear. "Oh, Dad, why did they arrest you?"

The flames were crackling up closer now. It was only a matter of minutes till he'd be caught, and then the terrible flames would roast him. His father would never see him again.

Brands fell over the narrow trail, starting new fires. Rod's clothing was burned in many places from sparks. The heat was intense. He had drunk all his water, and now his throat was parched.

At last Rod fell and could not get up. The great fire was towering over him, it seemed. The glare was so intense he couldn't open his eyes. He felt cold water pouring over him, and knew it was a dream. Then he felt a rough shake on the shoulder and someone shouting his name. "Rod! Rod!"

He opened his eyes. There were his father and Inspector Burke. Dad was pouring water over his face. "W-where am I?" he managed weakly.

"We rode as fast as we could, son," Flynn was saying. "Figured you'd strike out south when you spotted that fire. Good thing you did. Burke here saved our lives. Pulled us down under a stream of water till the fire passed over us. Great woodsman, Burke."

Inspector Burke was grinning, his grimy face happy. "You're not hurt, sonny, eh?"

"N-no. B-but I—I thought you had taken my dad to j-jail. I—"

Burke laughed. "Oh, now, did you, boy? Ah, no. Your pappy's rich. I took him to town to sign some papers that gives him a parcel of land that'll make your eyes bulge."

Flynn was saying, "Uncle Mac died, son. He left everything to you an' me. We can either live in his great house in Montreal, or stay up at his big ranch at Blue Stone. Which one do you hanker for?"

"The ranch, dad. I like it up here. Where's Smoky?"

Burke had the end of the skunk's chain in his hand. "Here he is, Rod. He's a bit scorched, but he's still a good skunk!"

Rod held the little singed animal close and thanked his stars that Burke wasn't what he had thought he was. He liked Inspector Burke.

# Will Bragg



LET'S SEE NOW...  
IN THE PAST THREE  
MONTHS THAT EFFY GISSEL'S  
BEEN AT THE BOARDING HOUSE,  
I'VE SAVED TWO DOLLARS A WEEK  
BY BEING ABLE TO USE THAT PARLOR  
AS HER GUEST INSTEAD OF  
PAYING MRS. MAHOULAHAN!  
THIRTEEN WEEKS -- THAT  
MAKES TWENTY-SIX  
DOLLARS! **BUT**  
**WHERE'S THE**  
**MONEY?**

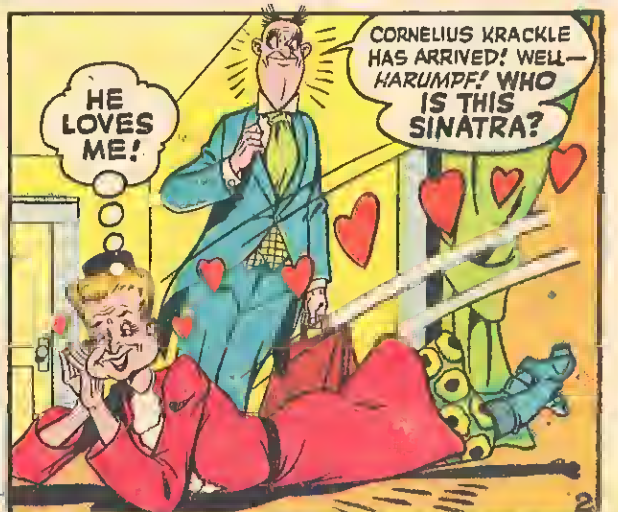
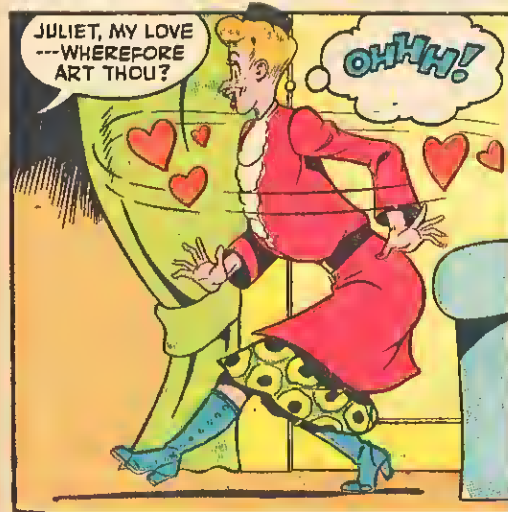
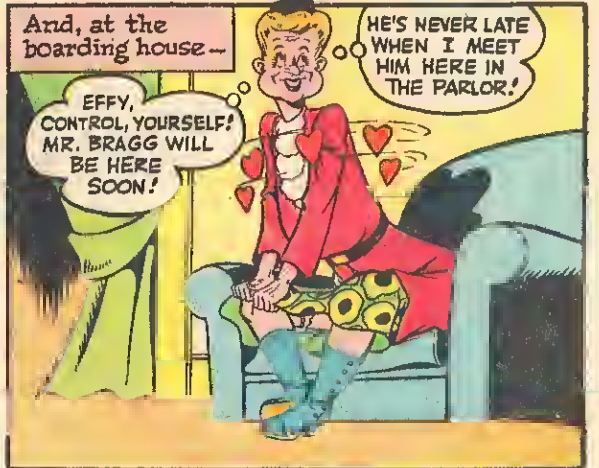
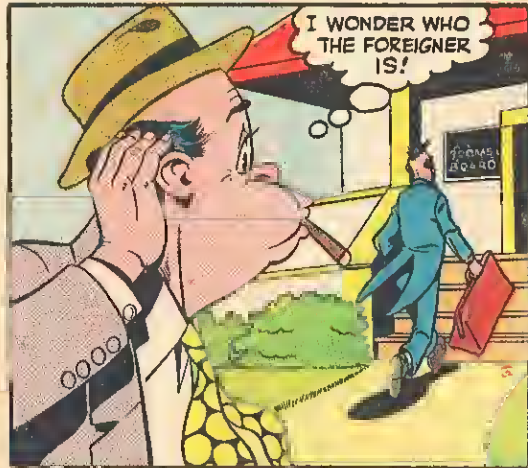
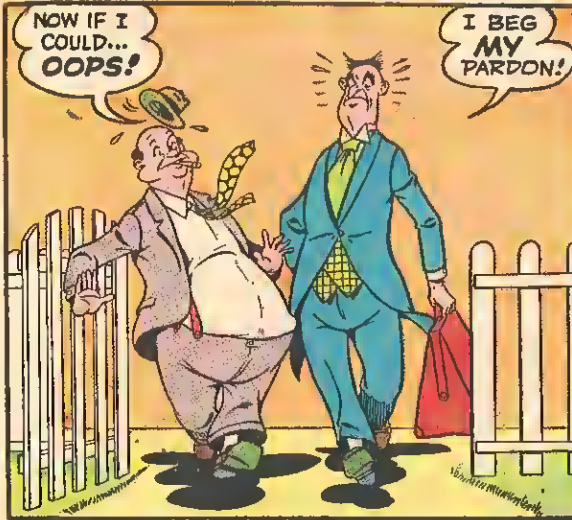
**OH!**

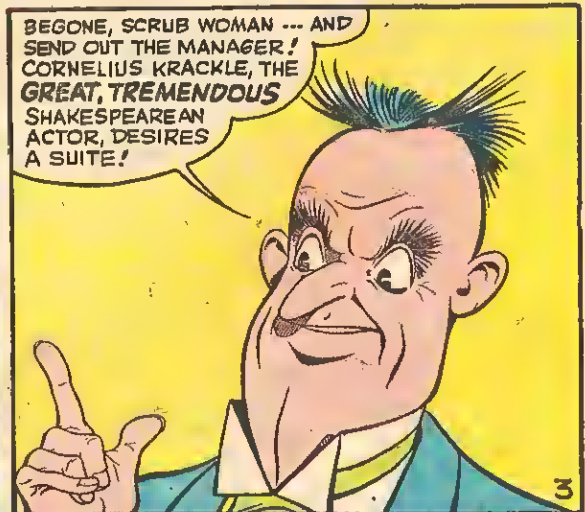
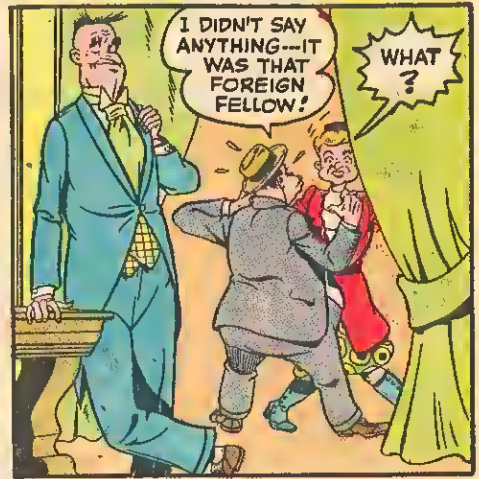
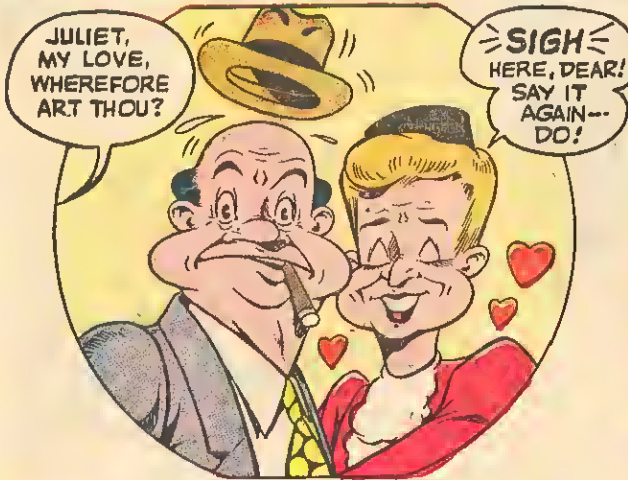
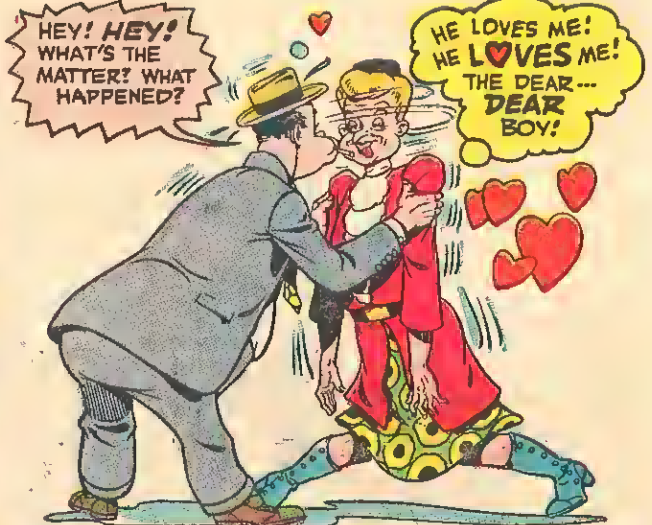
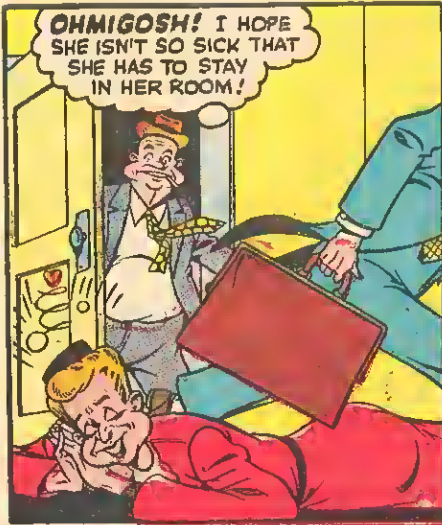
I DIDN'T HAVE  
IT IN THE FIRST  
PLACE!



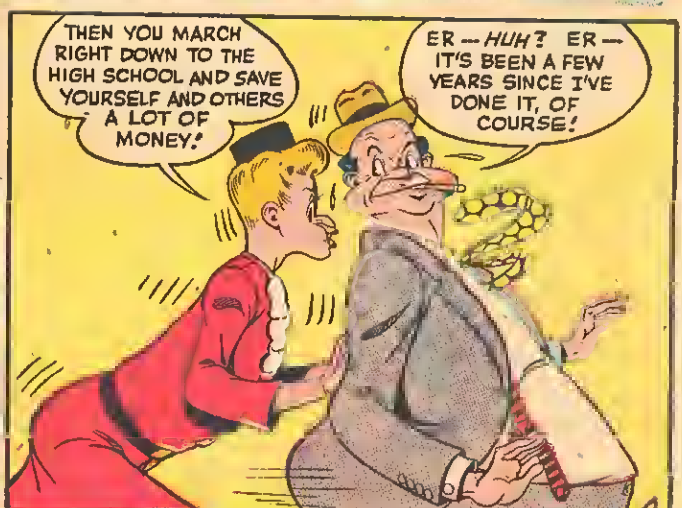
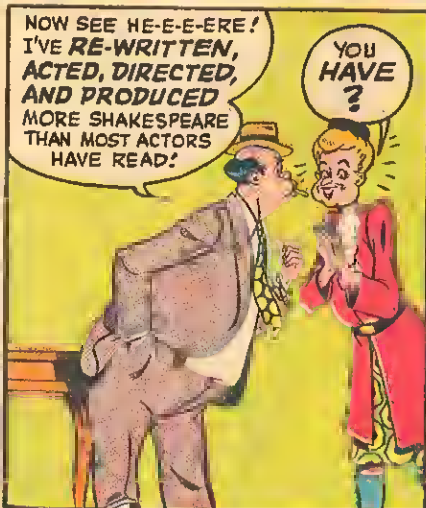
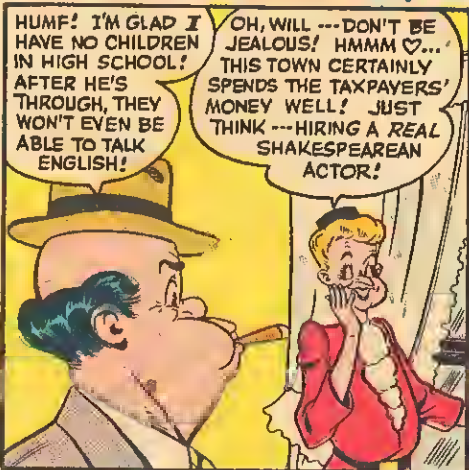
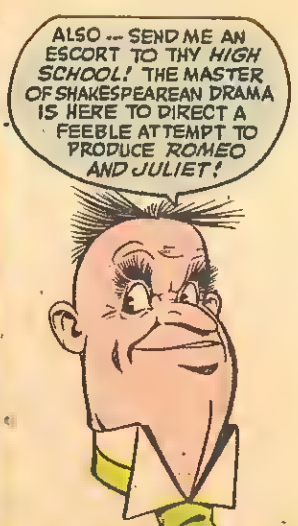
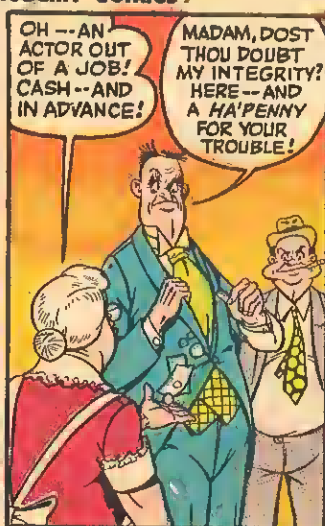


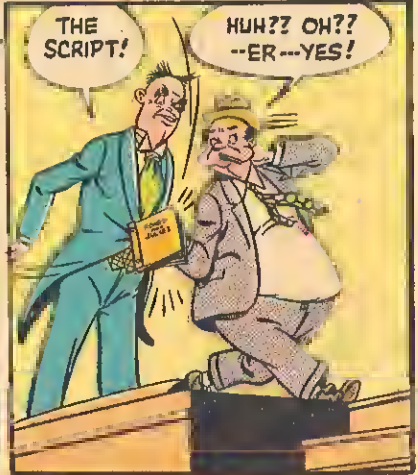
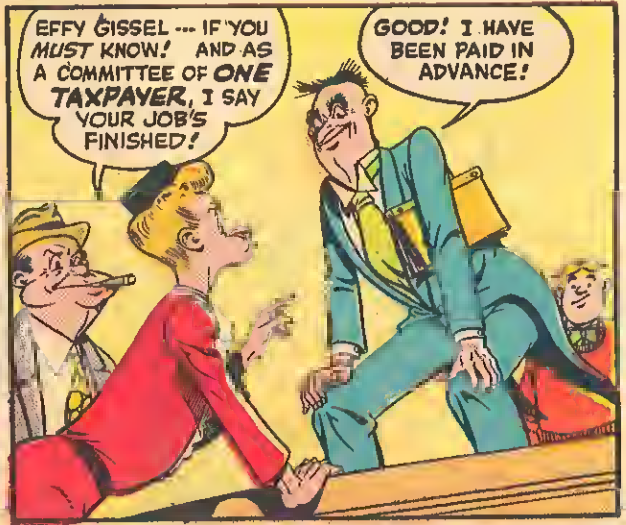
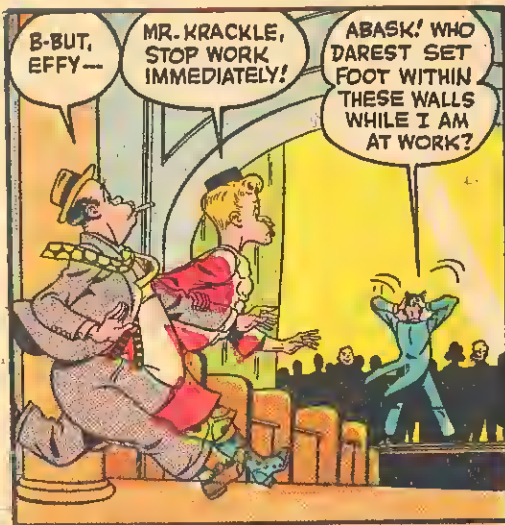
MODERN COMICS



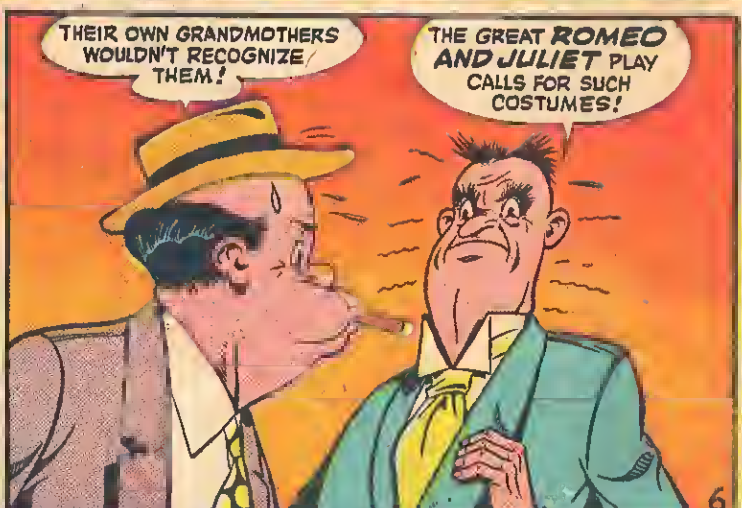
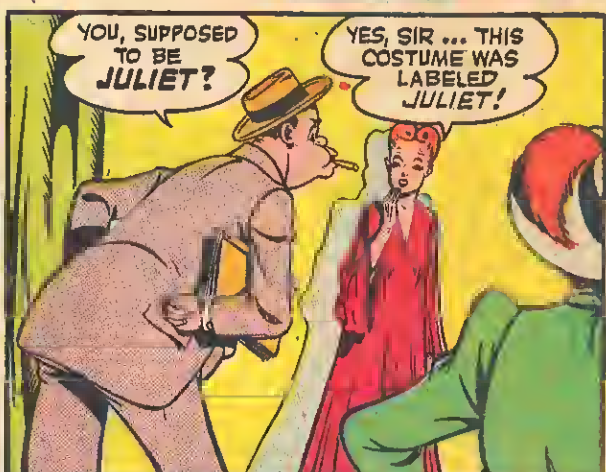
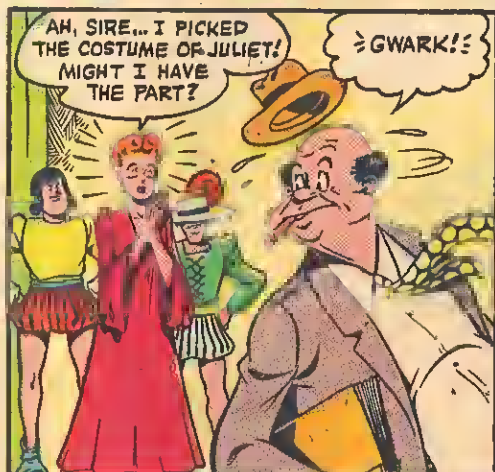


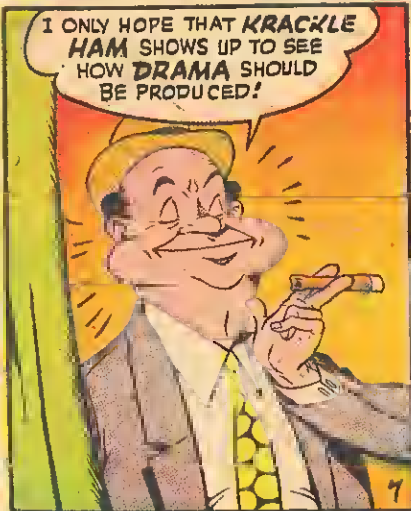
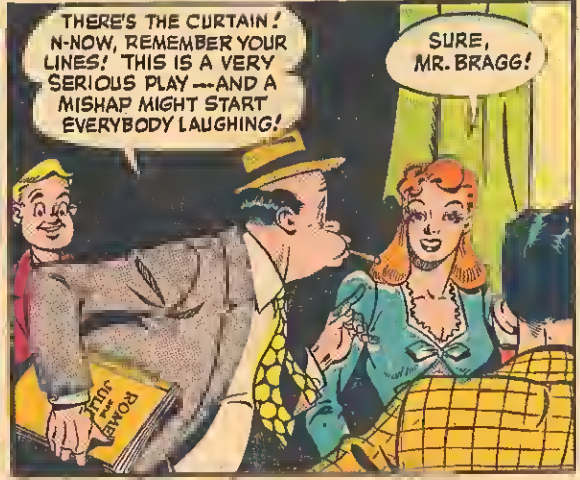
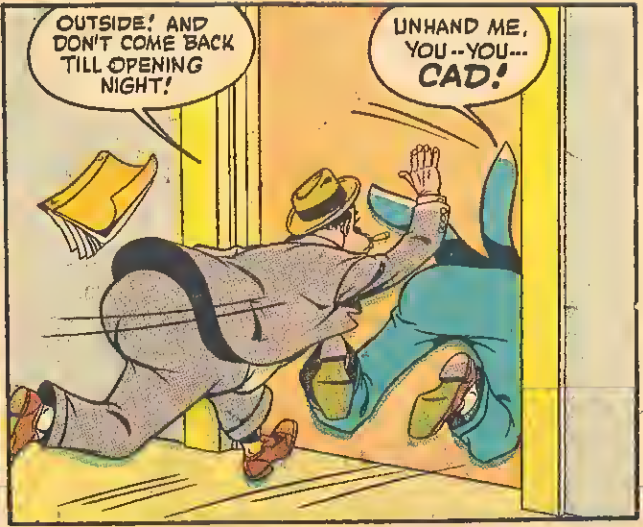




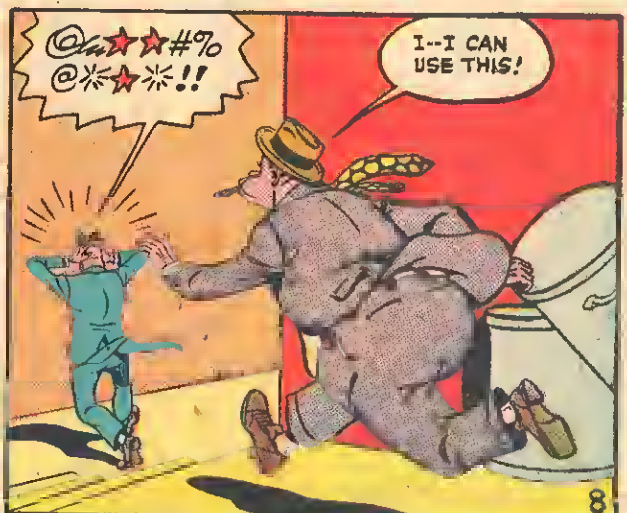
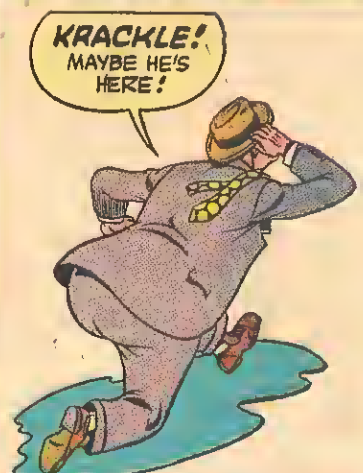
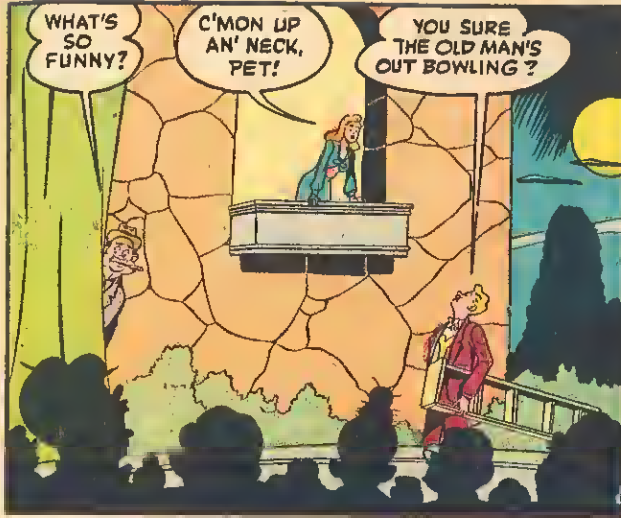


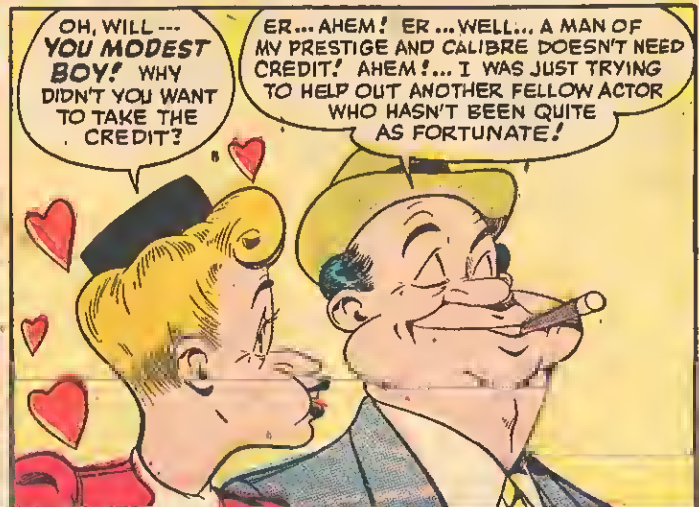
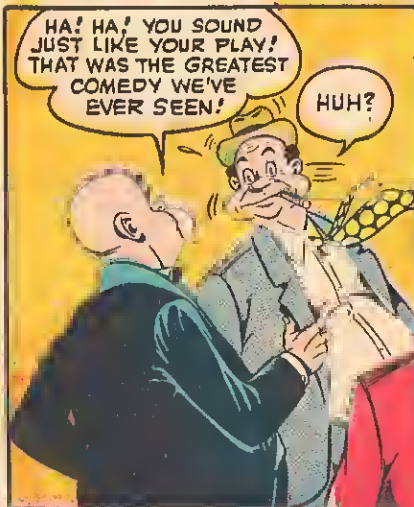
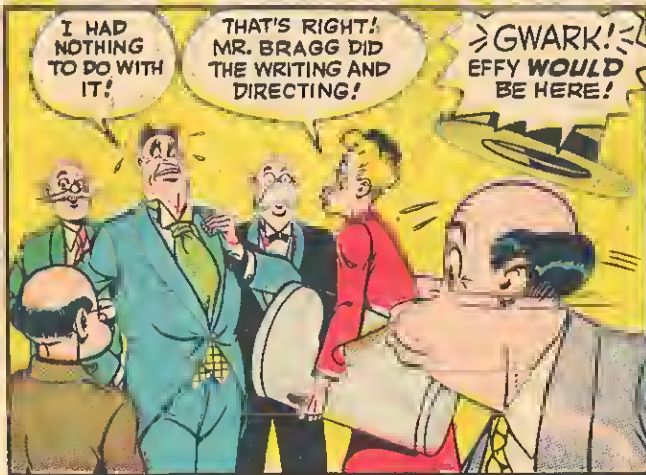
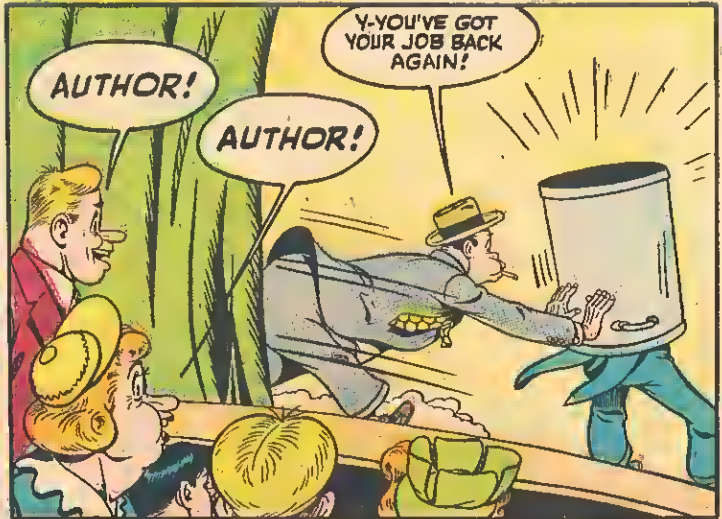
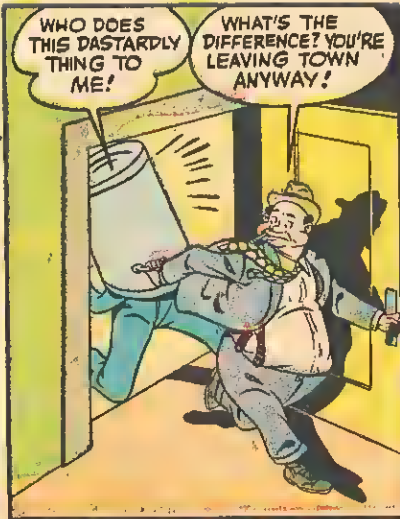










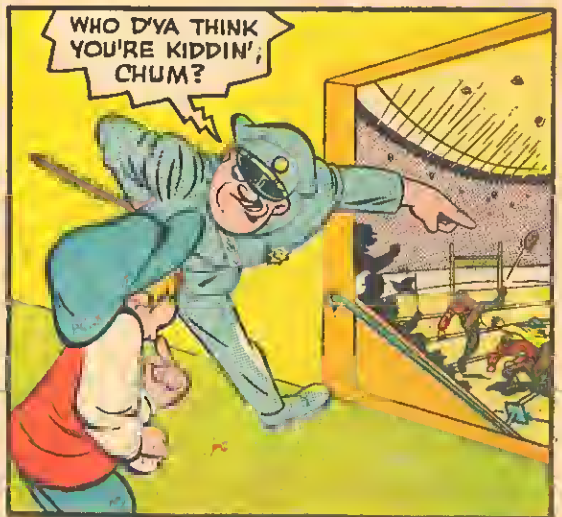
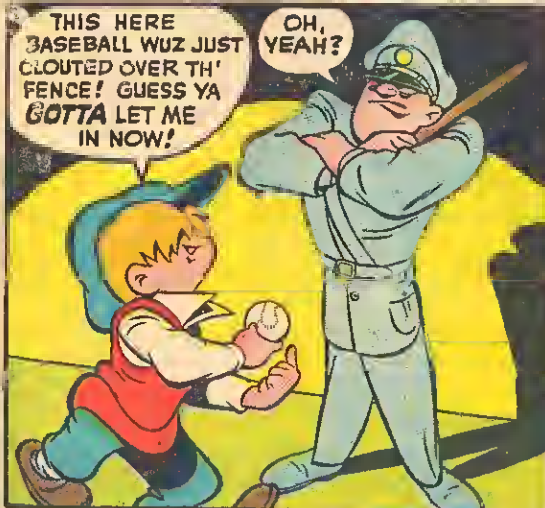
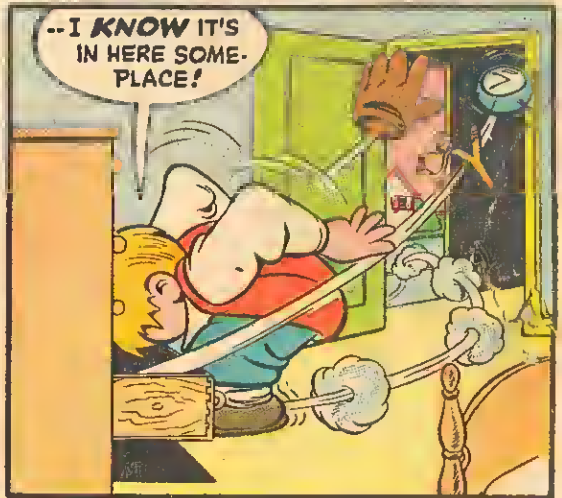
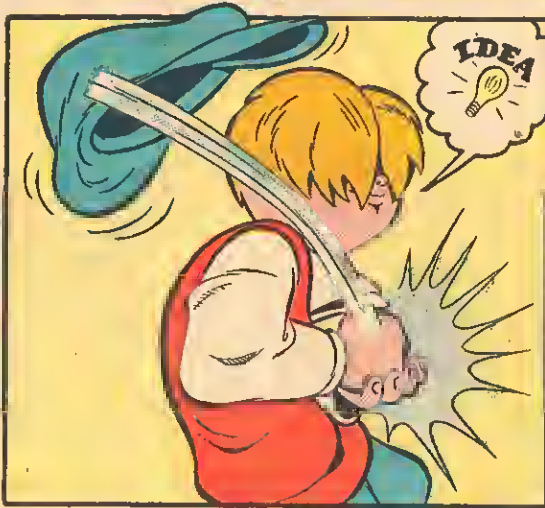
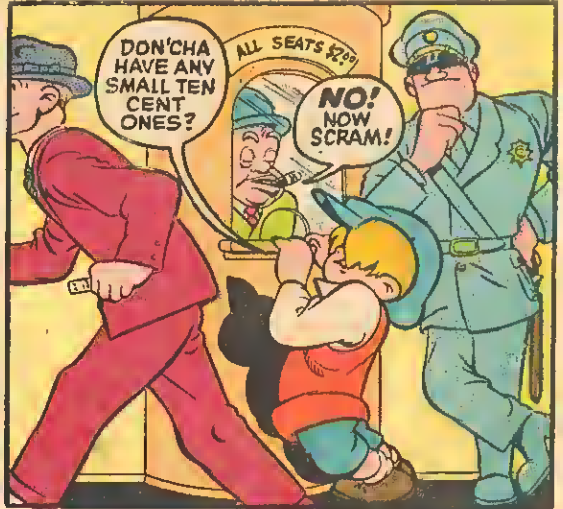
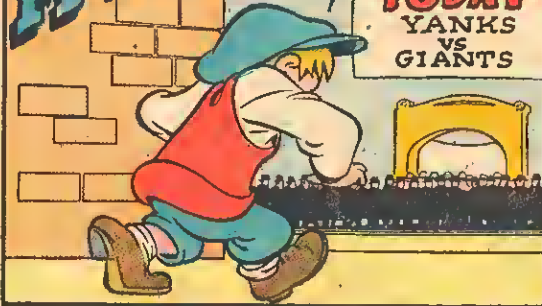


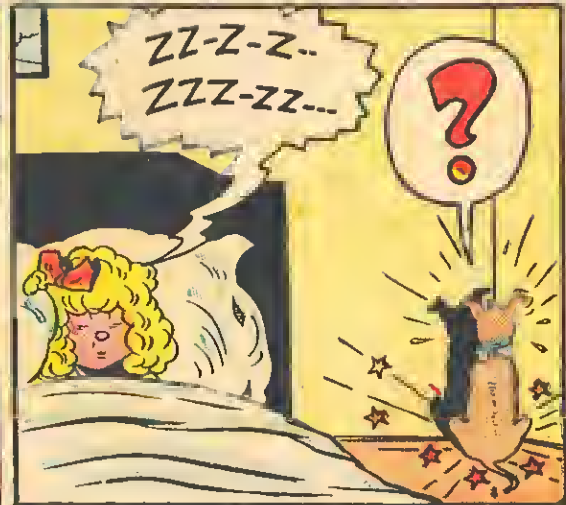
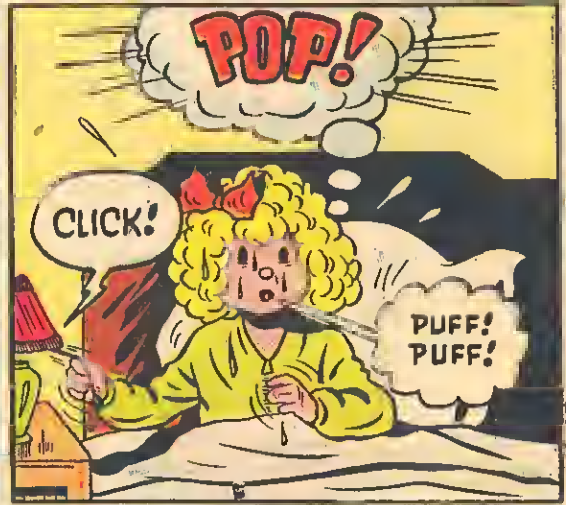
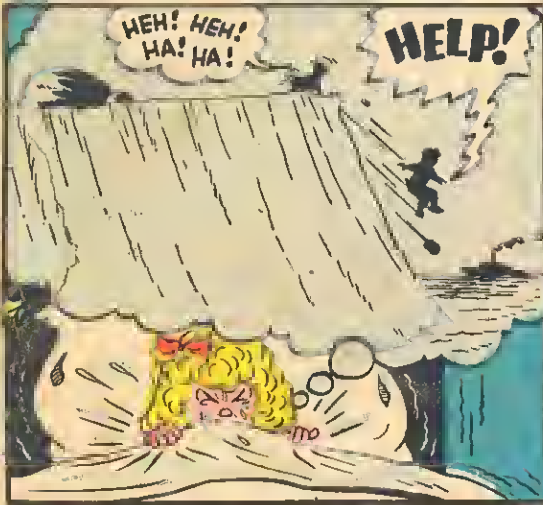
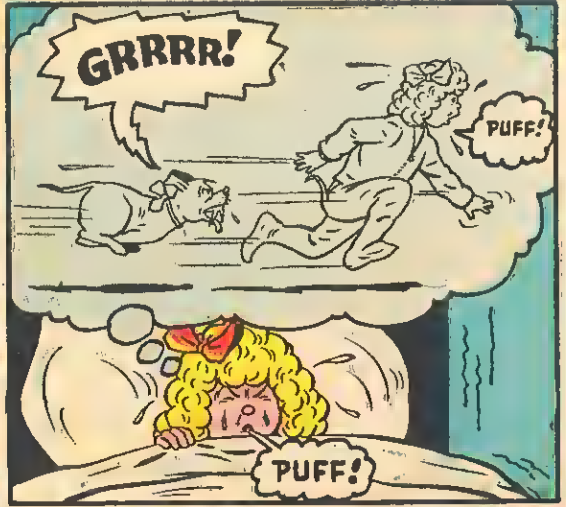
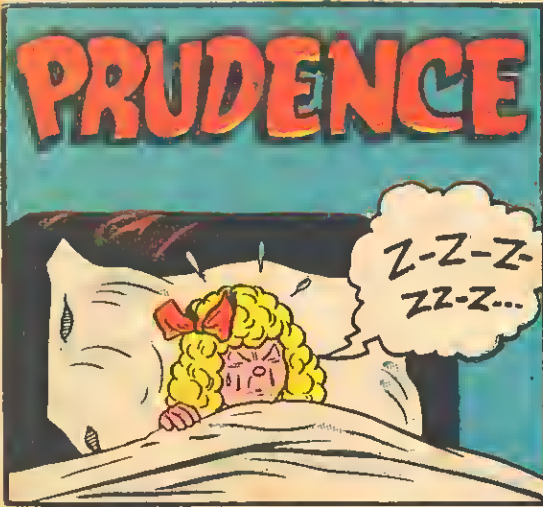


# Poodle McDoodle

CHEE! I  
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GAME IN  
MONTHS!

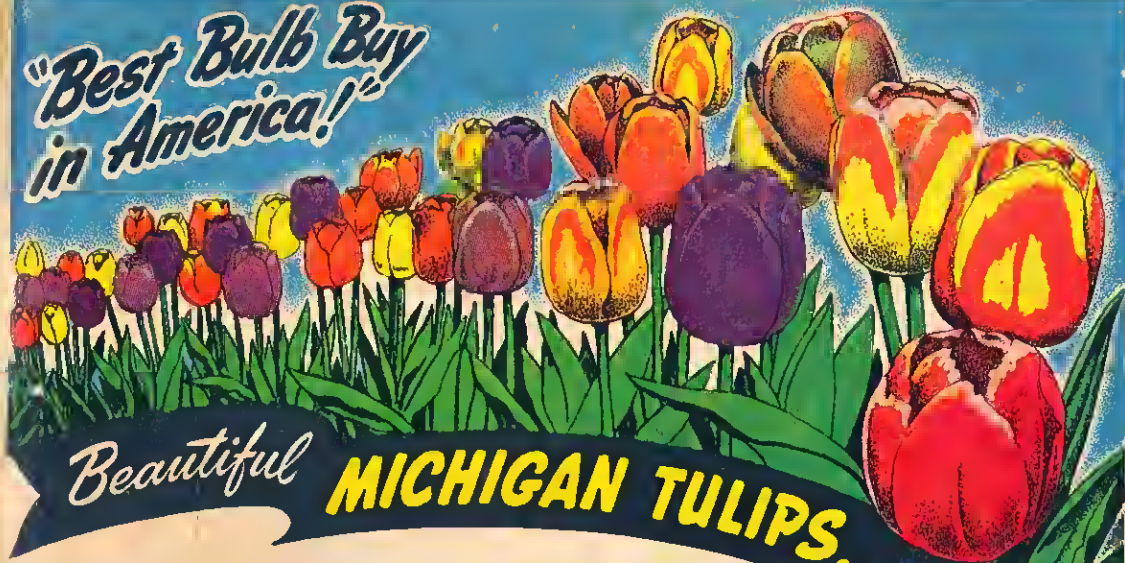
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# How to Outbluff a **VICIOUS DOG** at night!



... as recommended by  
Lt. Comdr. Willy Necker,  
Wheeling, Ill.—noted dog  
trainer and judge at dog  
shows...and wartime head  
of U. S. Coast Guard War  
Dog Training.



**1** The fact that 999 dogs out of a thousand are friendly, safe and lovable doesn't alter the fact that occasionally—through mistreatment, neglect or disease—a dog may turn vicious. Such animals are dangerous. Especially at night! If cornered —



**2** Outdoors, at night, turn on your "Eveready" flash-light! Shine it directly at the dog's eyes, to blind and perhaps bewilder him. He may leap at the light, however, so don't hold it in front of you. Hold it at arm's length to the side. Most important..



**3** Keep still. Don't move. Don't run — it's instinctive with most animals to attack anything that runs away or moves aggressively. If the dog refrains from attacking for a few seconds, you have probably won — he is apt to growl at the light, then slink off, outbluffed.

**4** For bright light, white light, effective light — insist on "Eveready" batteries. For they have no equals — that's why they're the world's largest-selling flashlight batteries. Yet their extra light, extra life, cost you *nothing* extra!

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